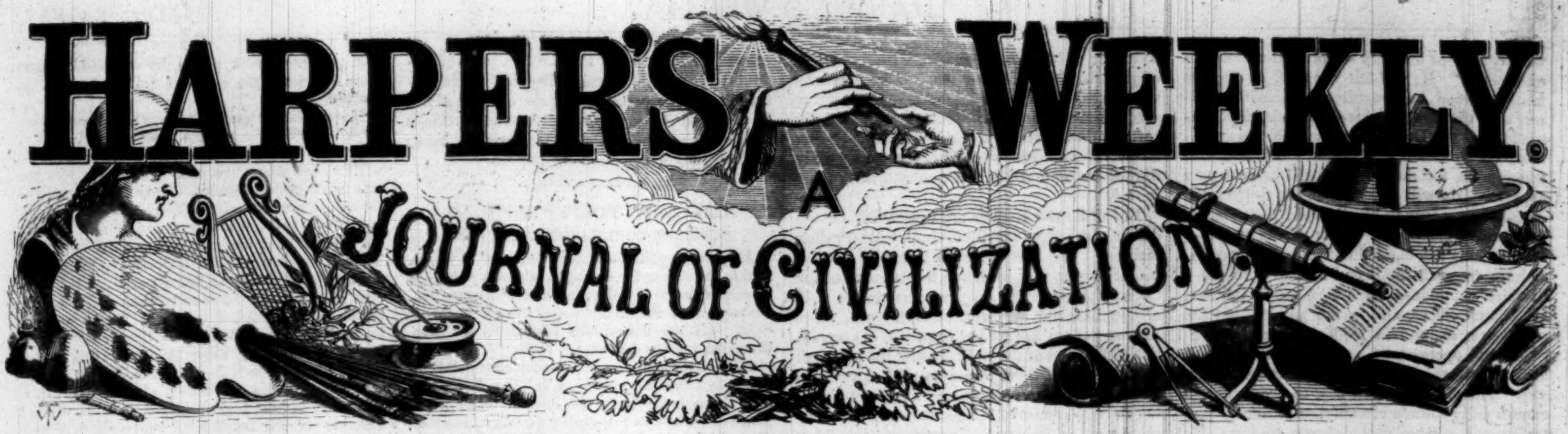

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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PUBLISHERS' NOTICES.

OUR readers will be glad to hear that SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON is writing a new story, which he compares to the "Caxtons" and "My Novel." We have made arrangements with him for publishing it in the columns of this journal. The first number will appear in the course of next month, and it will be continued till it is completed, each number appearing here simultaneously with its publication in England. We congratulate our readers on the prospect. A new work by Bulwer is perhaps the noblest intellectual treat that can be offered to a person of refined and cultivated taste.

HARPER'S WEEKLY has already reached a regular issue of more than *Sixty Thousand Copies*, and the editions printed are steadily increasing.

The proprietors beg to say that they will be happy to receive sketches or photographic pictures of striking scenes, important events, and leading men from artists in every part of the world, and to pay liberally for such as they may use.

CONSTITUTIONAL LAW.

THE debates, popular and forensic, on the subject of the bills passed last winter at Albany, in regard to this city, are just awakening the people of the State of New York to the real nature and character of the government under which they live. We mean the State Government as remoulded and refashioned by the Convention of 1846.

The movement which resulted in the adoption of the Constitution of New York of 1846, was, in truth, a revolution, radical and sweeping, in law, in finance, in administration—a revolution such as in no country less prosperous or less flexible than ours, could have been accomplished without a serious, and probably a bloody struggle. But our practical people never get into serious rages for any object that does not pay; and for all the suffering and plunder that they endure from Government, whether in the shape of Amended Constitutions, or Tax Assessments, they avenge or console themselves by the golden rain which a beneficent Providence is showering into our willing laps, or else by wrapping some verdant victim in the boa constrictor folds of a Yankee financial embrace—and so we go on, plundering a little, and plundered a great deal, revolutionizing and revolutionized, suffering an amount of misgovernment or *no*-government that would drive any other people frantic; but all the while with smiling faces, in real good-humor, and in a sincerely contented frame of mind.

To return to the Constitution of 1846. It worked, as we have said, a revolution; in fact, not one, but three revolutions—one in law, one in finance, and one in administration.

In the law, it melted down two stately and systematic administrations of justice into a shapeless and chaotic mass of disorder and delay. A simpler and more rational procedure was dearly bought by the vulgar clap-trap of an elective judiciary, and Graham and Barbour, Walworth and Bronson, the ancient learning and the venerable representatives of the former jurisprudence, vanished like ghosts at cock-crow.

In finance the thing worked better. The experience of the convulsions of 1836, and the subsequent years of suffering, were still fresh in the mind of the people; and the Convention framed some vigorous and valuable restraints on the progressive genius of our legislators, in regard to the matter of creating debts and imposing taxes.

In administration the thing worked both better and worse. A central appointing power, which had become an engine of great abuse, was broken down—or, at least, meant to be broken down—and the wholesome American principle of local administration of local affairs vigorously carried out. So far, it was good. But, on the other hand, the shortened term of the Senatorial body, and the single district rule as to the Assembly, tended directly to lower the character and to increase the oscillations and perturbations of the legislative body.

Such, then, in brief, was the Constitution of 1846. Its results were chaos in the law—conservatism in finance, and a mingled improvement and deterioration of the administrative system of the State—like most human affairs, good and ill oddly jumbled together. But, on the whole, we have no doubt that the ultimate results will be largely in favor of the change.

To make these results, however, what they should be, it is desirable carefully to observe the working of the new system, so as not to go on, like Mexican dolts, from blunder to blunder, but like sagacious Americans, to keep what we have got that is good, and to derive all practicable benefit from the experience of our own errors.

We wish, therefore, to invite the reader's attention to the course of legislation under the new system with reference to the checks in the Constitution of 1846, to show how far the Legislature has respected and how far it has disregarded the popular will, as expressed in the fundamental law.

The interest of this inquiry is obviously great; for under our system, in the absence of standing army, hereditary classes, Church organization, bureaucracies, and the like, the only truly conservative element which we have is our *Constitutional Law*, as interpreted and applied by a firm and intelligent judiciary. Let us, therefore, look at our political history, and see the cases in which the court of last resort has interfered to arrest the action and overrule the will of the Legislative body. We say the court of last resort, because it is not desirable for our present purpose to do more than examine those decisions which are final, and which conclusively determine the practical interpretation of the fundamental law.

The first question that presented itself after the adoption of the Constitution of 1846 was as to the jurisdiction of the County Courts. Under the 14th section of the 6th Article, the Legislatures were authorized to confer jurisdiction on the County Courts in "*special cases.*" Under this clause, the Legislature, by the Judiciary Act of 1849, May 12, proceeded to confer on those courts jurisdiction in ordinary *common law* actions. The question was raised in 1849, and reached the Court of Appeals in 1851. The judgment in the case was reversed on another ground. But Mr. Chief Justice Bronson, in delivering his opinion, said, "that after carefully considering the question, he had never been able to entertain a doubt that the statute was in conflict with the Constitution, and could not stand." In 1852 the question was again presented, but again the case was decided on another ground. In 1855 the point again came up, and it was distinctly decided that the statutes organizing the County Courts were unconstitutional as to all common law cases. If the same decision is carried out as to foreclosure cases, as has been decided in the second district, the consequences must be very serious.

In 1852, another and much graver question was presented. The Constitution of 1846, in its 7th Article, contained various stringent provisions in regard to the finances of the State, substantially to the effect that a certain sum should be set apart every year as a sinking-fund, out of the revenues of the State canals, to pay the interest and principal of the Canal debt, and rigidly devoted to that object; and after paying the current expenses of the canals, and a certain sum into the State treasury, the remainder of the revenue of the canals in each year should be applied to the completion of certain canals particularly mentioned—viz., the Erie Canal enlargement, the Genessee Valley and Black River canals. In addition, the State was prohibited from contracting any debt or debts which, singly or in the aggregate, should exceed *one million* of dollars.

In July, 1851, it being found that the canals above-mentioned, and particularly the Erie Canal, were not being completed under these provisions as rapidly as it was considered desirable, an Act was passed authorizing a loan of *nine millions* of dollars, to be made payable out of the future surplus revenues after the completion of the canals, and providing for the application of the whole sum to the completion of the canals within three years.

This Act, carried through and sustained by a numerous and energetic lobby, produced great excitement; but when it was presented to the Court of Appeals, they held the statute entirely void, as a mere evasion and fraud on the Constitution; deciding that it violated that instrument, 1st, as to the application of the residue of the Canal revenues in each fiscal year to the completion of the canals; 2d, because it applied a part of the revenues to the payment of interest instead of the work of completion; 3d, because it authorized the contracting of a debt by the State beyond one million of dollars; and, 4th, because it withheld the residue of the Canal revenues, after the completion of the canals, from being applied to the general expenses of the Government.

In 1853 another very important case came up. In March, 1849, an act was passed establishing free schools throughout the State, in which the Legislature refused to exercise the powers conferred on them by the Constitution, but left it to the electors of the State to determine by ballot, at the annual election, whether the act should or should not become a law. The Court of Appeals held that the submission of an act in this way to the popular voice was in direct violation of the fundamental character of the Government—that it was an avoidance of a responsibility imposed on the Legislature, and inevitably tended to substitute an uncontrolled and unmanageable democracy for the Government of checks and balances under which we live.

In 1854 a subject of great importance was presented. The Act commonly called the Married Women's Act, of April 7, 1848, passed under the full impulse of the revolutionary spirit of 1846, provided, in substance, that all property devised or bequeathed to married women should belong to them absolutely. But when the question came up before the Court of Appeals, that tribunal held that, as to all legacies bequeathed to a wife prior to the act of 1848, although not reduced to possession when the statute took effect, the act was entirely inoperative and void—on the ground that it deprived the husband of property in which he had a vested interest, contrary to the express provision in the Constitution that no man shall be deprived of property without *due process of law*. The law was adjudged unconstitutional and null.

The temperance law of 1855 presented a still more serious question. The subject is so familiar that it is unnecessary to review it in detail. It is sufficient to say that the Court of Appeals decided that the act was utterly unconstitutional and void—that it destroyed property which was protected by the constitutional guarantee of *due process of law*—and that it violated the fundamental provisions as to jury trials.

Here, then, we have, within ten years, five several laws: 1. As to Judicial Organization; 2. The Creation of State Debts; 3. Schools; 4. The Marriage Contract; 5. General Police—all regularly passed by the Legislature, and all solemnly pronounced by the Courts unconstitutional and void. In five cases affecting the dearest and most vital interests of society, the Courts have been obliged to interpose to arrest action of the Legislature in violation of the fundamental law.

We shall go no further at present than briefly to state what we believe to be the fair deductions to be made from this narrative.

First, In making the above decisions the Courts have not been governed by, nor suspected of, improper motives. Their judgments have been approved by the legal mind of the State without distinction of party.

Second, This state of things, if it is to endure, presents a practical *hitch* in the working of our system of a most serious character. It tends directly to bring two great branches of the Government into frequent and dangerous conflict.

Third, The cause of it is the gradually deteriorating character of our legislative bodies. It goes to prove that the reckless partisans, the violent fanatics, and the corrupt speculators who so largely fill those bodies, are every day becoming more and more indifferent to the character of the Government which they are sworn to carry out.

Fourth, If this collision of authority is carried much further, it must inevitably tend to change the character of the Government. Either the people will support the judiciary, and thus give our system a more conservative character, or the representative bodies will obtain an uncontrolled and unbalanced power over legislation, and Constitutional Law and American freedom will be buried in a common grave.

We invite the philosophers to solve the problem.

OPIUM-EATING IN NEW YORK.

WHOEVER has sojourned for a season among Chinese or Hindoos—making their grotesque customs and sensual vices his recreation or his thoughtful study—has enjoyed hourly opportunities to become familiar with the physiognomy of the confirmed opium sot. Perhaps he has dropped in upon the fat Comprador, at his house in Hong Kong, after business hours, and just when that pompous humbug and his jabbering understrappers have retired from their afternoon rice and fish to their solacing pipes. He finds them unslippered, jackets doffed, and tails unplatted, stretching their lazy lengths on paper mattresses, their heads supported by cane bolsters; then they sing-songly recite "broken China," in a high key, between sickening puffs of the insane drug exhaled from their nostrils—their bellies full of curry, their obscene thoughts on aphrodisiac talk intent, making the best of their drunken way toward stupefaction.

Or perhaps, in Chowringhee Road—supposing him to be housed aristocratically—in Calcutta, he has sat on the veranda, and, through the discreeter cloud of his own cheroot, watched his stalwart, soldier-like Durwan at the gate-lodge, pulling fiercely now, now dreamily, at the hole in the side of his round hubble-bubble, for the same fumes which are beatifying his brother debauchee at Hong Kong.

Or perhaps, on a "Peninsular and Oriental" steamer, ten days out, in the Bay of Bengal, he has stumbled on something with yellow arms and legs, and a long black tail, coiled up shiveringly on the grating of a coal-bunker—that would be the counterpart of the fat Comprador when the opium glory has departed; or he has come, unawares, in a sunny walk of his compound, on a round ball of heathen with red cross-belts and military whiskers—that would be the Durwan of the hubble-bubble, when his wretched hour is on, and he has been flung, like Lucifer, from the brief heaven the hubble-bubble made.

With the toe of his boot our Sahib rouses the most uncomfortable of Chinamen to a sense of his humble situation, or invokes the official services of the despondent Durwan to open the gate. As either victim of that infernal reaction recovers his feet and his imperfect senses, the scientific observer has an opportunity to peruse the true opium *facies*: face bloated or cadaverous, according to the duration of the habit—eyes bloodshot and bleared, their orbits encircled by a contrasted ashen ring—lips pale, flabby, and tremulous—nostrils dry and snuffling, as with an incipient influenza—expression doltish, bewildered, apprehensive, dodging—utterance thick, stammering, or spasmodic, most likely broken here and there by a maudlin sob—words irrelevant, foolish, but always deprecatory—a sorry, chap-fallen wretch altogether. Yesterday, or even but a few hours since, his face, if not healthily ruddy, had the warm tone of a man whose functions are satisfactory; his eyes, though glassy, always glassy, were clear, and very smart—his lips elastic, moist, of lively color, and smiling—his expression awake and intelligent, joining a pert confidence with respect—his utterance rapid, distinct, and almost musically modulated—his words apt, and florid with complimentary figures; conveying, too, no less satisfaction with himself than with you—in fine, a ready-witted varlet, with an intelligent self-esteem.

And so, having for a year made such specimens as these his books, and read them on street-corners in Canton or Calcutta, your scientific Sahib returns home.

When he has been some months in New York, be sure you will find him the most proper man to approach with a few interesting questions touching the prevalence of John Chinaman's curse in this city: To what extent is opium-eating carried in New York? Is it on the increase, or abating? What class of people are most addicted to it?

He will tell you—in the words of an admirable friend of ours, who has given much instructed thought to this subject—that "every day the alarming habit is spreading among us. Nothing can stop it here in America, where mind is so intense, and so early burns itself down to a socket—where, for very life, it calls to be fed with opium, as the only seeming alternative to extinction." He will tell you that, as often as he goes abroad, he recognizes—no less in Broadway than the Bowery—his old friends, the Comprador and the Durwan, in the habiliments orthodox with Genin and Genio Scott, and hair whose style, for these latitudes, Phalon would approve. He will tell you that he detects the once-known-never-to-be-mistaken *facies* in his daily walks among all orders of the people—that he finds the bloated and cadaverous countenance in work-shops and behind counters—that the tremulous, ashen lips, are at the bar, in doctors' offices, and in the pulpit—that the glassy eyes abound in Fifth Avenue drawing-rooms and opera-stalls, as well as at firemen's balls and the third tier of Purdy's National Theatre. He will teach you how to account for a certain daily editor's electrifying brilliancy yesterday and somniferous dullness to-day. He will tell you why the wit of a certain Aspasia, which lately sparkled like her eyes, when

> "Noiseless fell the foot of Time
> That only trod on flowers,"

is now as lack-lustre as those very eyes. He will explain away your charitable wonder that the frequent beggar-women who hold out imploring hands, and roll up patient eyes on Broadway stoops, should be blessed with brats of such accommodating sleepy-headedness, by showing you that those infantile objects of your admiration are brought up to the scratch with laudanum—fuddled continually, and permanently stupefied at last. He will tell you that he has analyzed one of those infallible pills, highly recommended by the fashionable faculty as a specific for neuralgia and "sudden turns," which the young lady in seven flounces and a perihelion of crinoline procures so frequently from the handsome and gentlemanly apothecary in Madison Square—and found it to consist of pure vegetable matter, simply *Gum. opii, gr. iij.*; and that he has likewise subjected to pharmaceutic test the little brown pea which old Mrs. O'Flaherty, with few flounces and less crinoline, gets for the misery in her back, at the doctor's shop on Sixth Avenue every Saturday night, and finds its composition to be essentially the same as that of the more respectable remedy of Madison Square, the difference lying wholly in the frequency of the dose; Mrs. O'Flaherty is content if "a body can be a little comfortable" on Sunday—the flounces must be happy all the time.

The Sahib will tell you that when, lately, a friend of his contributed to one of the city papers a communication on the use and abuse of a powerful narcotic, he thereupon received letters from a number of persons—professional men, farmers, and mechanics—confessing their bondage to the unsparing fiend of opium, confiding to him all the secrets of their thraldom, and imploring him to help and save them. He found De Quincey out-De-Quinceyed here; one man had taken the equivalent, in morphia, of not less than seventeen hundred drops of laudanum daily for three years; and another had attained to the almost incredible potation of twenty-three hundred drops a day. Alas! how many who have read the "Pleasures of Opium" have gone and done likewise, and forgot to return and read the "Pains!"

As for your last question: Is the opium vice on the increase or abating in New York? the Sahib will tell you that Custom-house figures, or any well-informed wholesale druggist, shall convince you that the importation of the drug has of late years increased, and is still increasing, far, far beyond the demand for it as a medical agent. And if you ask him what becomes of the mysterious overstock, he will answer that if you have ten pleasant friends, of correct habits but "uneven spirits," *one* at least can help you to account for the consumption.

LEGAL LAZINESS.

No Dickens has been needed in this day and generation of lawyers, to touch upon the "Marshalsea Prison," the "Circumlocution Office," and the lawyers around "Bleak Houses," in order to satisfy the community that law is a regular system of laziness and delay. And probably so long as the old maxim, "Perish credit, perish commerce," survives, and so long as the sheriff takes men in execution without hanging them because they do not "pay up," just so long will this laziness spread through the profession like thistles, and will that delay crown even victorious suitors with thorns.

"*Causes célèbres*" accumulate on the calendars of the nine city courts whose wheels are constantly buzzing in the ears of this community—judges sit from nine to three at chambers and at trials to hear a few cases each day—and lawyers run up large court-steps of iron, whose metal enters into the souls of suitors and witnesses as they travel down.

The temptation to delay has been very great to the holders of green bags when every term of court at which a case was upon the calendar gave an additional ten dollars by way of costs; so that *John Doe* versus *Richard Roe* went on every month accumulating dollars, just as in old Daboll's arithmetic, to juvenile astonishment, horse-shoe nails at a penny for each double went on heaping up wealth to which that of Rothschild and Astor together was a mere collection of baubles. The last legislature (and, to give the devil his due, most of its members were lawyers—think of their magnanimity as this is stated!) enacted a statute most materially cutting down the fees, and virtually obliging lawyers to do justice to their clients by a speedy trial at the end of the third month after issue joined.

But while the lawyers are responsible for the delays, the judges are almost indictable for their laziness. We have heard it stated by a competent person, that, while on the calendar of the Court of Appeals the cases increase in the ratio of one hundred per cent. at each term, those disposed of are as fifty per cent. What a practical refutation of the old rule that the last shall be first! And there are some wicked veterans in the walks of the profession, who (remembering the old system of judicial fees and the manufacturing of orders and arrests at eighty-five cents apiece in federal currency) say that if the bench as well as the bar possessed costs, laziness would diminish upon that principle which causes the delays to increase. But this is *scan. mag.*, according to all the best authorities.

However, at the recent trial of the alleged murderers of Doctor Burdell, the legal breezes on the subject shift to a new point of the compass, and it is to be fervently hoped that weather-cocks on the temples of justice will always range in the same direction. Mr. Justice Davies has evidently lingered in the English courts, and has caught alike the dignity, dispatch, and decision of character which stamps all those who wear the Queen's ermine. He began court at ten o'clock, instead of eleven as at other criminal courts—adjourned for an hour's lunch, and carried the labors of counsel far toward midnight. In this mode the dentists of the profession were stopped in their extraction of evidence, and although the counsel engaged or the jurors may have been exhausted, the witnesses were *not*—which is an improvement, and one that is worth imitating by all of Mr. Justice Davies's associates in the United States.

MARCH OF INTELLECT IN THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

WE have heard much of the decline of the Sandwich Islands, but we have the best reasons for knowing such insinuations to be calumnious. The demand for American publications is steadily on the increase in the islands, and a healthy taste for good reading matter is springing up among the natives. Among the late evidences of this, we may mention that by the last mail from thence we received orders to forward regularly fifty-four copies of *Harper's Weekly* to Honolulu. One of the copies is for his majesty, King Kamehameha, who expressed his desire to become a subscriber.

WANTED—A MURDERER.

THE murderer of Dr. Burdell is respectfully requested to come forward and make his fortune. Dispatch is recommended, as memories are impaired by time. Should he appear at once he may realize, with judicious management, from fifteen to twenty thousand dollars from the contributions of those who are looking for him. The honor of selling one's neck at such a premium ought to be tempting.

There is a precedent for a business transaction on such a basis. Just twenty years ago, during the insurrectionary movement in Canada, a prominent politician residing at Coteau du Lac was denounced, and a reward of $4000 offered for his apprehension by the Government. The politician, in a secure hiding-place, read the advertisement of the reward, and duly pondered thereon. Next day, to horse, and to the house of a trusty friend.

"John," said the proscribed patriot, "I see they offer a thousand pounds for my head."

"Ah!"

"And you know, John, I am poor."

"Yes."

"What will you take to arrest me and surrender me to the Government?"

John was reasonable. He was a friend of the struggling patriot. He would do any thing to oblige him. He would surrender him to the police for $1000.

The bargain was struck, John delivered up his friend, received the $4000, paid over $3000 to his prisoner, and went on his way rejoicing. In course of time, disaffection quelled, the patriot was restored to the bosom of his family, and commenced business with a capital of $3000. He is now a wealthy man.

Will not this tempt the assassin of Burdell?

If the fellow should resist the temptation and persevere in his ill-natured incognito, what are we to do then? A judicious correspondent suggests that we should hang A. Oakey Hall instead. This proposition will commend itself to every impartial mind. Mr. Hall might have procured the conviction of a person who was tried for the murder, *if he had had evidence to convict her*; and isn't it his fault that he had no such evidence? Surely Mr. Hall has been long enough at the bar to know that evidence can be manufactured: can he complain if the public turn round upon him and make him the scape-goat for the failure of justice? It is no excuse for him to say that he is a man of undoubted integrity, commanding skill in his profession, and respectable eloquence; why didn't he give us a victim? Our correspondent thinks we should just hang Oakey Hall without more ado, and say no more on the matter.

NEW LAW POINTS DECIDED.

SUPERIOR COURT.—GENERAL TERM.

Klapstock against the Erie Railroad Company. Action to recover for damages to goods, sustained in consequence of delay in their transportation. Defense, that the delay arose from *a strike* by nearly all the defendant's engineers, and was, therefore, not the defendant's fault.

Held, that though a carrier is not responsible for damages occasioned by mere delay, unless it occurs through his fault, the misconduct or negligence of his agents is a fault for which he is liable. Their fault is his fault. *Judgment for plaintiff.*

Clark against Masters. A quantity of wheat was consigned by canal-boat to the plaintiff at New York. On its arrival, the master refused to permit it to be unloaded until the freight was paid, or unless the freight should be paid on each bushel as it was discharged from the boat. This the consignee declined, but offered to send a lighter alongside, into which the wheat might be discharged, and there remain until the freight should be adjusted. The master thereupon sent the wheat to a store-house, and claimed to be allowed in this action the charges thereby occasioned.

Held, that the master had no right to demand the freight till his duty was performed, which was not done till the vessel was unloaded. That the consignee was entitled, before payment, to see that the quantity and the condition of the property were right, which could not be done without unloading. That the lien of the master for the freight would not be lost by unloading without payment, but would follow the property. Nor could the master require the contract to be changed, and payment to be made by the bushel, as delivered. That as the master was wrong in sending the wheat to the store-house, he could not be allowed the charges so incurred.

Central Bank of Brooklyn against Lang. Action on a promissory note, drawn by defendants to their own order, and given, without being indorsed, to the Reliance Mutual Insurance Company, for premiums on policies of insurance. The Company indorsed it to the plaintiffs, who discounted it in the regular course of business. The defendants offered to prove that the premiums for which the note was given had not been earned, except about $300, to which amount they had an offset against the Company, and claimed that, as the note was payable to their own order, and was not indorsed, they could make the same defense to it in the hands of the plaintiffs as if it were in the possession of the original holder.

Held, that a note drawn to the order of the makers has the same effect as if it were drawn to a fictitious payee, and under the statute of this State passes by delivery only, without indorsement, as if payable to bearer; and that the note in question, having been thus negotiated for value before due, was not subject to the defense that might exist as against the original holders. *Judgment for plaintiffs.*

CHAT.

THE LATE CHIEF-JUSTICE.

FEW forms or faces were better known to all New Yorkers than the square-built and rather clumsy figure, and the solid features of Chief-Justice Oakley. He was a man easily remembered; and nobody who ever served on a jury, or went into his court as client or witness, failed to carry away a decided recollection of him, and a distinct consciousness of his superiority to most men in similar positions. His death was the prominent event of last week; and although the departure of one out of the fifty judicial officers who administer justice under our State Constitution was not of necessity a public calamity, yet in this case every body felt that an amount of sagacity, wisdom, and official honesty had been withdrawn from the community which could not be replaced, and which called for universal regret.

He was, in fact, one of the old men whom we did not want to give up; one of the last survivors of the palmy days of Bench and Bar; one of the few veterans who had fought in the ranks with the departed heroes of a past age; and who, instead of lagging "superfluous on the stage," still kept at his post with a steady vigor which defied old age, and seemed almost to exclude the notion of death.

He was predestinated to be a Judge and a Chief-Justice. His mind was a solid sphere of judicial elements. If he had been captured by Indians, they would have made him a grand Sachem; if he had fallen among Bedouins, he would inevitably have been the Sheik of all Sheiks. You might have put out his eyes, and hewn off his limbs, but if the sense of hearing remained as the avenue to the reasoning faculties, and these were unimpaired, you would still have had the real man—a luminous orb of clear natural reason and pure common sense.

He dispensed justice like an inspired machine. One realized in his presence the propriety of that judicial designation, the Bench; for there was something positively wooden in his imperturbability and impartiality. Once settled in his armchair, with his head slightly bent over his desk and his eyes lifted, under their heavy brows, just above its level, he went through the routine of his duty with the regularity of clock-work, and with equal unconcern. If the counsel did not understand his case, he got no help from the Chief-Justice; if he lost it, he got no pity; if he gained it, he got no congratulations. If his case presented difficult points, the Chief-Justice disposed of them; if it presented weak points, he disposed of them also; and when the case was finished he took up another.

He presided at general term when it was necessary; but this was not his most congenial duty. At trial term, where there were no opinions to be written, and where the case went to the jury, he was in his proper element. There he reigned supreme. There the recollection of his person and power will survive longest; and it will require but little effort of the imagination of the daily ministers in that dingy shrine of justice to picture his presence as it has for so many years greeted their eyes, presiding, like some rude, stern divinity, over the chaos of unfinished business. The New York lawyer might say of him as a Boston lawyer, famous for something more than glittering generalities of style, said about another Chief-Justice whom Nature ran in a mould almost counterpart with that in which she fashioned our New York Colossus of the Bench: "I approach him with something of the feeling with which a South Sea Islander worships his idol. I know that he is ugly, but I believe that he is great!"

The lawyers respected him. He spent a great part of his later years in trying to teach them that when a cause got on the Day Calendar, it could not be reserved generally or postponed except for cause, and that "gentlemen ought to get ready with their cases." In this, of course, he never succeeded, but he did inspire a salutary dread; and in his court-room, if there was not a full Bench there was always a full Bar; for no one knew how soon the case on trial, no matter how inflated with points and issues, might collapse under some ponderous ruling from the Judge, or what would come next in the order of business. If he is to be perpetuated on canvas or in marble, the artist should be able to present him at the moment when, tapping with the end of his pencil as a signal to the expectant Bar, he pronounced those words of destiny: "Gentlemen will attend to the call of the calendar;" or at that other moment when, after a week, or perhaps more, spent in a hard-fought trial, after all the legal fire-works had exploded and burned out, he would turn quietly to the jury, and motioning to them to keep their seats, would commence with the familiar formula, "Gentlemen, this is a very simple case."

He cared very little for the form whenever he could get hold of the substance. He did not believe in exercising doubtful powers, and had no fondness for writing "Thomas J. Oakley" at the bottom of injunctions or orders of arrest. He was not very careful about the decorum of the court-room so long as he could hear the counsel, and get a notion what they were about. But he knew what was due to himself and to Justice; and though he did not commit for contempt, or threaten with the thunder-bolts at his command, he maintained, without effort, the dignity of the Bench. We remember being in Court one day (was it as witness or juror?) when one or two very damaging collisions took place, in the course of an angry trial before the Chief-Justice, between two veterans of the profession, one of them a gentleman whose inherent and cultivated combativeness makes the trial of a contested case with him a particularly "hard road to travel," and the other an eminent brother-lawyer, whose name and person are as familiar in our commercial city as the masts of the shipping along both rivers, but who (like the best of those ships) will sometimes, when the sea runs high, and she has lost a good many spars and sails, get rather unmanageable. These distinguished counselors, although they were in a common law court, seemed each inspired with the determination to get the other "in chancery," so far as pommeling with words could effect it, and, as the sympathies of the litigants were much excited, there seemed to be a fair prospect for a free fight. The Chief-Justice was deaf, and dumb, and blind to the disturbance, until a lull in the uproar enabled him to be heard, when he quietly remarked that the Court had no time to waste, and that if the counsel did not go on with the trial properly, he should discharge the jury, and let them go about their business.

There was very little use (so the lawyers say) in reading to Chief Justice Oakley out of books in calf bindings. When the reader got into the deep waters of judicial rhetoric in 2d Comstock or 1st Selden, he was apt to say, "Skip all that, Sir, and tell me what the Court decided, if you can."

The new judiciary, the new code, and the Court of Appeals were great afflictions to the Chief Justice. But when the old system went to pieces on the rock of reform, he managed, like Robinson Crusoe after the storm, to bring away pretty much every thing that was valuable from the wreck, and to make it as useful as he could. A great many cumbrous items he abandoned, without any attempt to save them, and without mourning over their loss. When he found the disposition of the people was in favor of doing away with old forms, he frequently did away with them in the most summary manner, and he had a way of getting at the merits and letting the facts in a case come out which was sometimes very disagreeable to suitors and their counsel.

Young lawyers were apt to be afraid of the Chief Justice. But he was in reality an amiable man, and a sound argument from the lips of an attorney of a week's standing, if properly presented, met with the same attention as when it came from one of the Nestors of the profession. He thought that there were some things which a judge, even though an old judge, might properly be presumed to know, although they were not in the Code, and he sometimes took the wind out of the sails of an expansive argument by taking for granted all its premises and using them to knock the conclusion to pieces around the ears of the unfortunate expounder, before he had fairly worked his way into the middle of his syllogism.

He had a sense of humor, too, as well as of a logical proposition, and when a joke came floating along by chance on the current of litigation, he would catch at it, and it was ingulfed very much as the shiners and minnows are sometimes swallowed along with the big fish by the leviathans of the deep.

Peace to his ashes! There is intellect enough buried in his scarce-closed grave, to pad out into respectable dimensions the scanty brains of a whole circuit of modern lawyers, and a whole district of modern judges. The bar have had their meeting for eulogy and panegyric, and by way of perpetuating the old fictions of the profession, resolved, in token of their grief, "to wear the usual badge of mourning for thirty days." They might just as well have resolved to "put themselves upon the country," or sought an expression of their feelings in some dictum in one of the old cases of "Doe on the demise of Jackson." There will be no crape on professional arms. The day is over for these formalities of outward grief. But there will be one familiar figure missed from its accustomed place of honor and sacred trust; one capacious mind less in the sphere of judicial reason and responsibility; and one name added to the select roll of great intellects.

LONGFELLOW À LA MAÎTRE D'HÔTEL.

A Parisian writer, in a late number of *L'Illustration*, which is in some sense to the Boulevards and the Quartier de la Madeleine, what *Harper's Weekly* is to Broadway and the Fifth Avenue, expatiates in a very flattering style upon the author of Hiawatha and the Psalm of Life. The latter poem is presented, among others, in translation, and we quote the most familiar verse as a specimen of the Frenchification of the whole. The original first:

> Art is long, and Time is fleeting;
> And our hearts, though stout and brave,
> Still, like muffled drums, are beating
> Funeral marches to the grave.

The translation next:

> L'expérience vient à pas lents, et le temps est fugitif; et voilà deja que nos cœurs, ces cœurs intrépides et braves, comme les tambours voilés de crêpe, battent des marches funèbres vers la tombe!

MY NAMESAKE.

You scarcely need my tardy thanks
Who, self-rewarded, nurse and tend—
A green leaf on your own Green Banks—
The memory of your friend.

For me, no wreath, bloom-woven, hides
The sobered brow and lessening hair:
For aught I know, the myrtled sides
Of Helicon are bare.

Their scallop-shells so many bring
The fabled founts of song to try,
They've drained, for aught I know, the spring
Of Aganippe dry.

Ah, well!—The wreath the Muses braid
Proves often Folly's cap and bell;
Methinks, my ample beaver's shade
May serve my turn as well.

Let Love's and Friendship's tender debt
Be paid by those I love in life.
Why should the unborn critic whet
For me his scalping-knife?

Why should the stranger peer and pry
One's vacant house of life about;
And drag, for curious ear and eye,
His faults and follies out?

Why stuff, for fools to gaze upon,
With chaff of words the garb he wore;
As corn-husks when the ear is gone
Are rustled all the more?

Let kindly Silence close again;
The picture vanish from the eye;
And on the dim and misty main
Let the small ripple die.

Yet not the less I own your claim
To grateful thanks, dear friends of mine:
Hang, if it please you so, my name
Upon your household line.

Let Fame from brazen lips blow wide
Her chosen names, I envy none;
A mother's love, a father's pride
Shall keep alive my own!

Still shall that name, as now, recall
The young leaf wet with morning dew,
The glory where the sunbeams fall
The breezy woodlands through.

That name shall be a household word,
A spell to waken smile or sigh;
In many an evening prayer be heard
And cradle lullaby.

And thou, dear child! in riper days
When asked the reason of thy name,
Shalt answer, "One 'twere vain to praise
Or censure bore the same.

"Some blamed him, some believed him good—
The truth lay, doubtless, 'twixt the two—
He reconciled as best he could
Old faith and fancies new.

"In him the grave and playful mixed,
And Wisdom held with Folly truce,
And Nature compromised betwixt
Good fellow and recluse.

"He loved his friends, forgave his foes,
And, if his words were harsh at times,
He spared his fellow-men—his blows
Fell only on their crimes.

"He loved the good and wise, but found
His human heart to all akin
Who met him on the common ground
Of suffering and of sin.

"Whate'er his neighbors might endure,
Of pain or grief, his own became;
For all the ills he could not cure
He held himself to blame.

"His good was mainly an intent,
His evil not of forethought done;
The work he wrought was rarely meant
Or finished as begun.

"Ill served his tides of feeling strong
To turn the common mills of use,
And over restless wings of song
His birth-right garb hung loose.

"His eye was Beauty's powerless slave,
And his the ear which Discord pains;
Few guessed beneath his aspect grave
What passions strove in chains.

"He had his share of care and pain,
No holiday was life to him;
Still in the heir-loom cup we drain
The bitter drop will swim.

"Yet Heaven was kind, and here a bird
And there a flower beguiled his way—
And cool, in summer noons, he heard
The fountains plash and play.

"On all his sad or restless moods
The patient peace of Nature stole;
The quiet of the fields and woods
Sank deep into his soul.

"He worshiped as his fathers did,
And kept the faith of childish days—
And, howsoe'er he strayed or slid,
He loved the good old ways,

"The simple tastes, the kindly traits,
The tranquil air, and gentle speech,
The silence of the soul, that waits
For more than man to teach.

"The cant of party, school, and sect,
Provoked at times his honest scorn,
And Folly, in its gray respect,
He tossed on Satire's horn.

"But still his heart was full of awe
And reverence for all sacred things;
And, brooding over form and law,
He saw the Spirit's wings!

"Life's mystery wrapt him like a cloud!
He heard far voices mock his own,
The sweep of wings unseen, the loud,
Long roll of waves unknown.

"The arrows of his straining sight
Fell quenched in darkness; priest and sage,
Like lost guides calling left and right,
Perplexed his doubtful age.

"Like childhood, listening for the sound
Of its dropped pebbles in the well,
All vainly down the dark profound
His brief-lined plummet fell.

"So, scattering flowers with pious pains
On old beliefs, of later creeds,
Which claimed a place in Truth's domain,
He asked the title-deeds.

"He saw the old-time's groves and shrines
In the long distance fair and dim,
And heard, like sound of far-off pines,
The century-mellowed hymn!

"He dared not mock the Dervish whirl,
The Brahmin's rite, the Lama's spell;
God knew the heart: Devotion's pearl
Might sanctify the shell.

"While others trod the altar stairs,
He faltered like the publican;
And, while they praised as saints, his prayers
Were those of sinful man.

"For, awed by Sinai's Mount of Law,
The trembling faith alone sufficed,
That, through its cloud and flame, he saw
The sweet, sad face of Christ!

"And, listening, with his forehead bowed,
Heard the Divine compassion fill
The pauses of the trump and cloud
With whispers small and still.

"The words he spake, the thoughts he penned,
Are mortal as his hand and brain;
But, if they served the Master's end,
He has not lived in vain!"

Heaven make thee better than thy name,
Child of my friends! For thee I crave
What riches never bought, nor fame
To mortal longing gave.

I pray the prayer of Plato old:
God make thee beautiful within,
And let thine eyes the good behold
In every thing save sin!

Imagination held in check,
To serve, not rule, thy poised mind;
Thy Reason, at the frown or beck
Of Conscience, loose or bind.

No dreamer thou, but real all—
Strong manhood crowning vigorous youth;
Life made by duty epical
And rhythmic with the truth.

So shall that life the fruitage yield
Which trees of healing only give,
And green-leafed in the Eternal field
Of God forever live!

John G. Whittier.

THE MAN ABOUT TOWN.

THE COMET AND I.

I was walking down Broadway on last Tuesday night—after having taken dinner with a sick friend—and on looking up at the clear blue sky, sown with such myriads of silver stars, I became filled with disgust at my ignorance of the noble science of astronomy. There were constellations distributed generally on all sides of me, and aristocratic stars of the first magnitude, and eccentric stars, remarkable for some peculiarity of form or habit, as Horace Greeley is remarkable for his boots, and yet I did not know the name of one of them. The Great Bear, Orion, Sirius, the Southern Cross, the Plow, and all the rest of them, might have been right over my head without my knowing any thing at all about it. The fact is, that, with all due deference to astronomers, whenever any of these constellations were pointed out to me by some friend who was just learning the use of the globes, I never could detect the slightest similarity between them and the objects after which they were named.

"I know so little about astronomy," I muttered to myself, "that I must certainly write a book about it."

At this moment I found myself opposite the New York Hospital, where the patient man with the long brass telescope is always ready, for a small remuneration, to sweep the sidereal heavens. While I was gazing upon this forlorn astronomer, and wondering whether a first-class star paid him as well as Miss Heron must have paid her enterprising New York manager, the idea of the comet, which is so soon to smash into us, crossed my mind.

"By Jove!" thought I, "I'll have a look for him. Who knows but he may be within sight? So that, having a little warning of his coming, I may go into New Jersey in order to be out of the way."

I suppose I must have given utterance to these thoughts aloud, for just as I was putting my hand in my pocket to feel if I had the necessary coin to entitle me to a peep through the telescope, I felt a tip on my shoulder, and, turning round, saw a queer, rubicund-looking little old man standing beside me. He was dressed in an odd flame-colored suit, a red cap, and I declare most solemnly that I beheld, protruding from underneath his Raglan, a long, fan-shaped tail. This last, though, seemed more phantasmal than real; for when I tried to tread on it my foot passed as through vapor.

"Well, Sir! what do you want?" I demanded, angrily; for I felt annoyed at being tapped on the shoulder by so ridiculous a personage.

"Put up your money," answered the stranger; "don't spend it foolishly!"

"I'll spend my money if I like, Sir!" I replied, with dignity. "Besides, I wish to see if there is any sign of Charles the Twelfth's comet, which is expected every day."

"It won't be here till the evening of the eighteenth of June," said the stranger.

I own the preciseness and confidence of his assertion struck me as being remarkable.

"Pray, Sir, how do you know this so positively?" I demanded, with a half sneer.

"How do I know it? Because I am the Comet! Stay, here's my card." And so saying, he pulled a steel card-case out of his pocket, and presented me with a small square of linen, on which was printed:

THE COMET
OF CHARLES THE TWELFTH
At Home.
Thursday, 18th June, 1857.

"I hope I shall have the pleasure of seeing you on that evening," continued the Comet, with an air of elegant politeness, such as a Marquis of the time of Louis XIV. would have exhibited in inviting me to a grand *fête*. "My cards, as you perceive, are of linen. The reason is, that I have them made of asbestos in order to insure their being incombustible. Otherwise they would take fire in my pocket."

I now remarked that the card was warm!

"Then you are really going to destroy the world on the day mentioned?" I said, inquiringly, feeling a decidedly uncomfortable feeling in my heart and throat.

"Not at all," answered the Comet. "My devastation will be only partial. I have come to cleanse rather than to destroy. Purification by fire is what will be accomplished by my advent; and I will, as it were, cauterize all the sores of the world."

"But what brings you on in advance of your arrival—if you will excuse the apparent Hibernicism?" I asked.

"Ah! simply in order to know where to strike. I wish to see for myself. For instance, I don't want to run a muck through New York, killing blindly. I wish to gain such information as will enable me to extirpate nuisances, and leave uninjured whatever I find good and pure."

"Heaven protect us!" I ejaculated. "Then New York is a total ruin!"

"Not so—not so!" repeated the Comet. "Let me see for myself. You can assist me. I know you; you are the Man about Town, and you can guide me through this labyrinth. If you will give me the information that I want, I will give you a ticket of safety, insuring your preservation from any of the effects of my visit."

"It's a bargain!" I cried, much relieved in my mind by this proposition. "Let us take a drink on it."

The bar-room that we entered was one of the most splendid in Broadway. Its walls were hung with seductive colored prints; its ceiling was frescoed with loose designs, while the bar itself glittered with a magnificently-decorated machinery for the distribution of poisoned liquor. A thick cloud of tobacco-smoke floated through the room; the click of billiard-balls jarred sharply from the farther end; and the place was swarming with knots of youth—few of them more than twenty years—whose flushed faces were dimly lit by heavy, dissipated eyes, and whose pale lips were jaded with drink and smoke, and blasphemous with constant oaths.

"Here," said I, as the Comet and myself quaffed our lager-bier—a drink to which my erratic friend seemed to take very kindly—"here is one of a class of places of amusement which I think we might dispense with. It is not because young men spend their dollars here that I object to it. It is because across that bar something more than money is taken. Youth, and health, and vigor; innocence, good feeling, and refinement; all senses of social decency pass across that counter invisibly night after night, and their owners go on none the wiser for their loss, until, in some hour of self-examination, they awake to the consciousness of all that they have squandered."

The Comet nodded his head approvingly, and taking out a black note-book, traced some memoranda on it with his finger, which left a glittering mark like phosphorus. We then went out into the town.

"Where are we now?" asked the Comet, after we had walked some time, stopping suddenly under the façade of a large building.

"This is the celebrated Wall Street," I answered; "the paradise of adventurers. Sweep it, my dear Comet, from top to bottom. Don't leave a trace of it. A single fragment of it, if left floating around, will, like the polypus, become an independent settlement, and grow to its original size. It is here that speculation fattens as a bubble grows, swelling and swelling, until suddenly, piff! paff! the thing bursts, and all that remains is a little dirty water. This is the great central habitation where a colony of spiders have fixed their abode, and from which they spread their nets over the whole city. Unlike the ordinary spider, they rarely fight among themselves, and generously assist each other when in distress. It is against the poor outside insects that their machinations are chiefly directed. There is a fraternity of brigandage among these brokers that forbids them devouring each other; but woe to him who, belonging not to their band, ventures with full pockets into their domain. Here many lofty hopes have died. Here many honorable shields have been stained forever. Here is what may be considered the great centre of the floating capital of New York. Yet there is not a prison in the city that has not had its ranks of malefactors recruited from the Board of Brokers."

Out came the Comet's note-book, and down went a memorandum fatal to Wall Street. Heaven help the Exchange on the 18th of June!

"What order of architecture does that building belong to?" asked the Comet, as we were passing the City Hall, a short time after.

"That," said I, "is what is commonly called the Dutch Corinthian. That noble edifice, of which our city is so proud, is the Hotel de Ville of New York; in other words, the City Hall. You should see it, my dear Comet, on the 4th of July, when the front is decorated with an imposing effigy of the Father of his Country, and ten thousand dollars worth of fire-crackers testify the patriotic enthusiasm of our newly-imported citizens. There is a fine field for a sweep of your tail in the corridors of that edifice, most noble Comet! Street-contractors that don't do their work; Mayors that make a job of politics; policemen that are appointed because they are good shoulder-hitters at primary elections; together with a thousand corruptions which I have no time to name. Make a note, most noble Comet!"

"That tall, rickety building, out of which I see a crazed-looking man in a white hat and old boots issuing, what is that?"

"That is the office of the *Rostrum*, the great philanthropical journal of America, which, like the Baron Spolasco, or any other gentleman of his kidney, earns a living by being eccentric. Every thing is determinedly turned topsy-turvy by the employés of that paper. They want to make men of women, and women of men. Their trowsers are always too short and their hair too long. They employ Russians to write their English, and musicians to instruct the public on politics. They keep a parson who reviews their profane literature, and a layman who writes sermons on popped corn. They attack every body, and bellow like the Bulls of Bashan if they are attacked in turn. They profess to be intensely democratic, and their building is a sort of caravanserai for foreign noblemen who bivouac among the desks and exchanges. They have their fine eyes, like Mrs. Jellyby, always fixed on Africa, and do not see the civic sores that fester at their very feet. In short, their eccentricities and 'isms' are as wide as the brims of their hats, and, like them, shut them off from the light of heaven!"

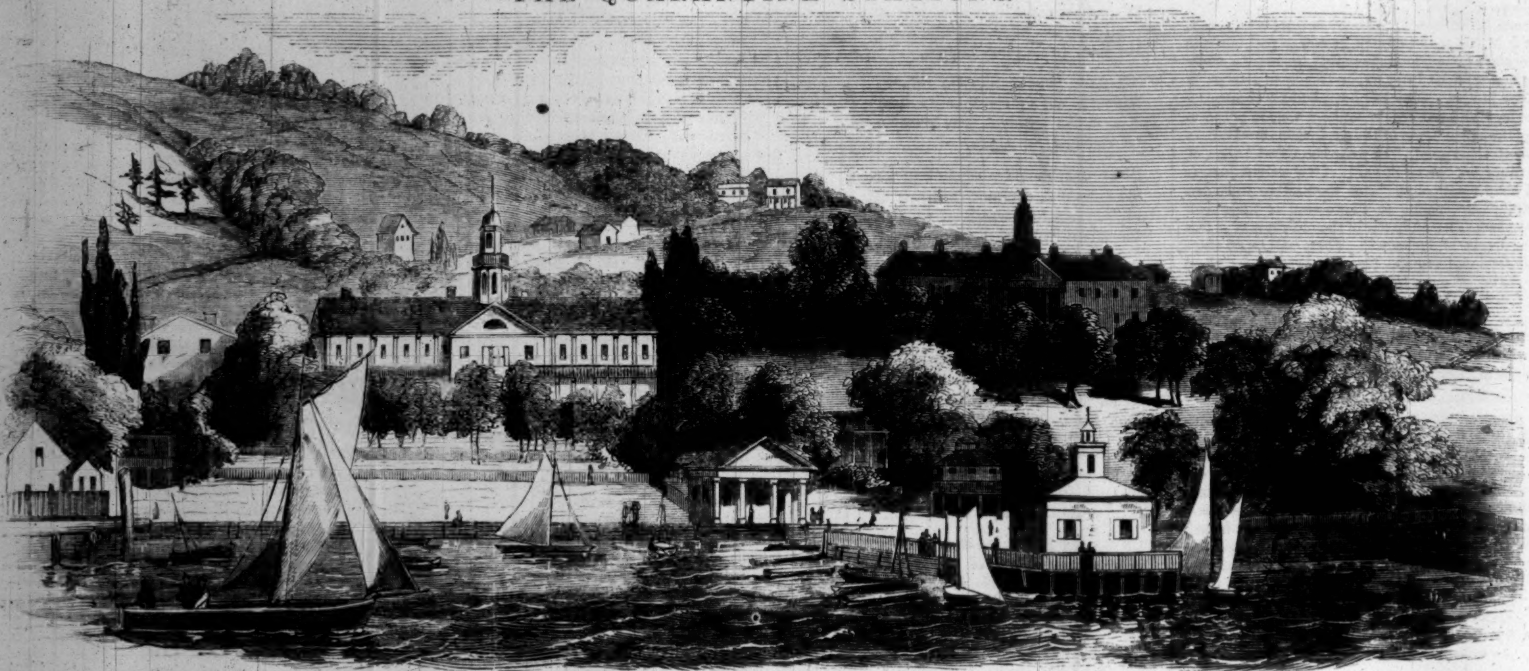
"I guess we'll let the *Rostrum* building stand," said the Comet. "It is a harmless institution, and affords the public amusement. I like to see a comic newspaper thrive."

From the Park we passed upward, and I pointed out many shams to the Comet, which he promised to attend to on the 18th of June. He said that he would most particularly wait upon the Central Park Commission, on Coroner Connery, on Mr. Russ, and on the gentleman who has been promising the public a catalogue of the books in the Astor Library ever since that institution opened.

We were now opposite to the Cooper Institute, and while I was explaining to my friend the Comet that this noble gift to the people should be held sacred, not alone on account of the amiable donor, but for the benefit which the rising generation would derive from it, I suddenly heard a whizzing noise in the air. I looked up, and behold the Comet was shooting away into space like a rocket, leaving a long, luminous wake after him. He kissed his hand and smiled to me as he soared upward.

"Oh criky!" cried a little boy behind me, "ain't that a jolly rocket!" and I saw a number of people look aloft. They all saw only a fire-work. I alone knew it was the Comet.

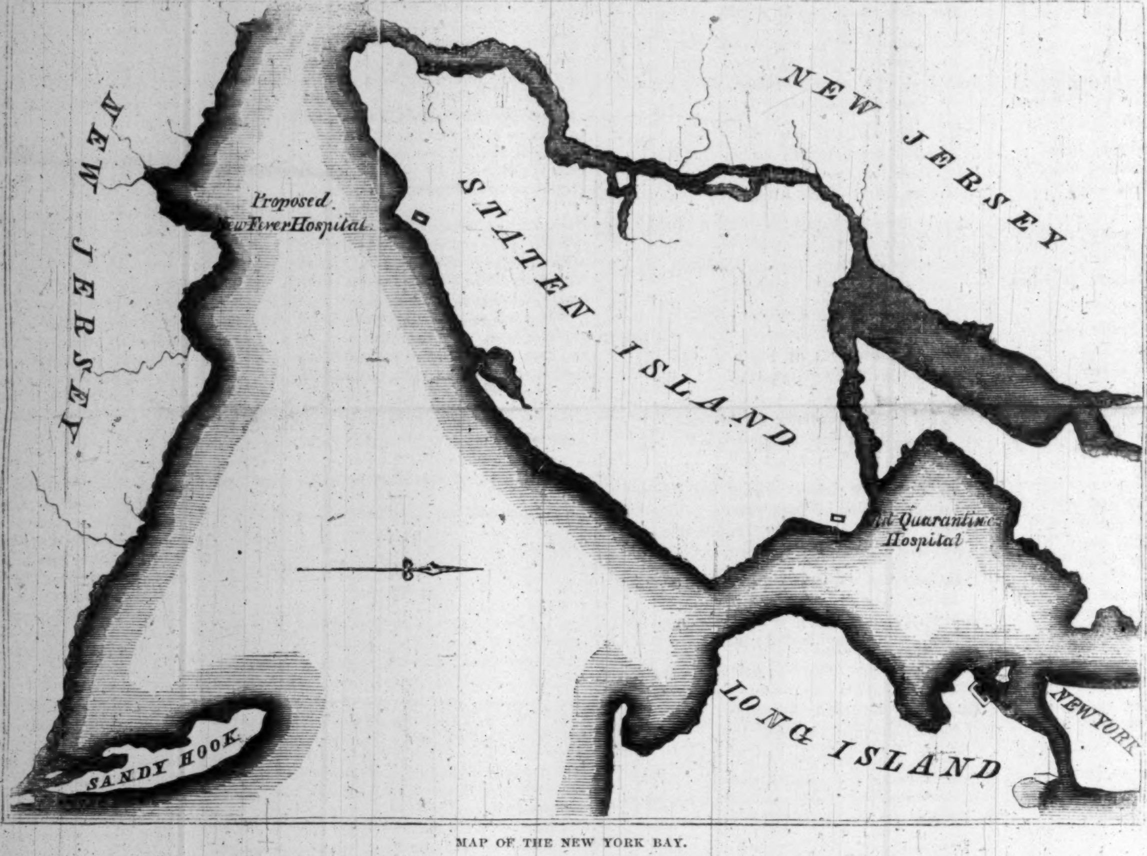
THE QUARANTINE STATIONS.



THE PRESENT QUARANTINE STATION, STATEN ISLAND.

We have engraved this week, for the information of our readers, the site of the present Quarantine station, near Tompkinsville, on Staten Island, and the site of the proposed Yellow Fever dépôt, near Seguine's Point, on the same island. We have likewise given a map which will show the bearings of these places to each other and to New York.

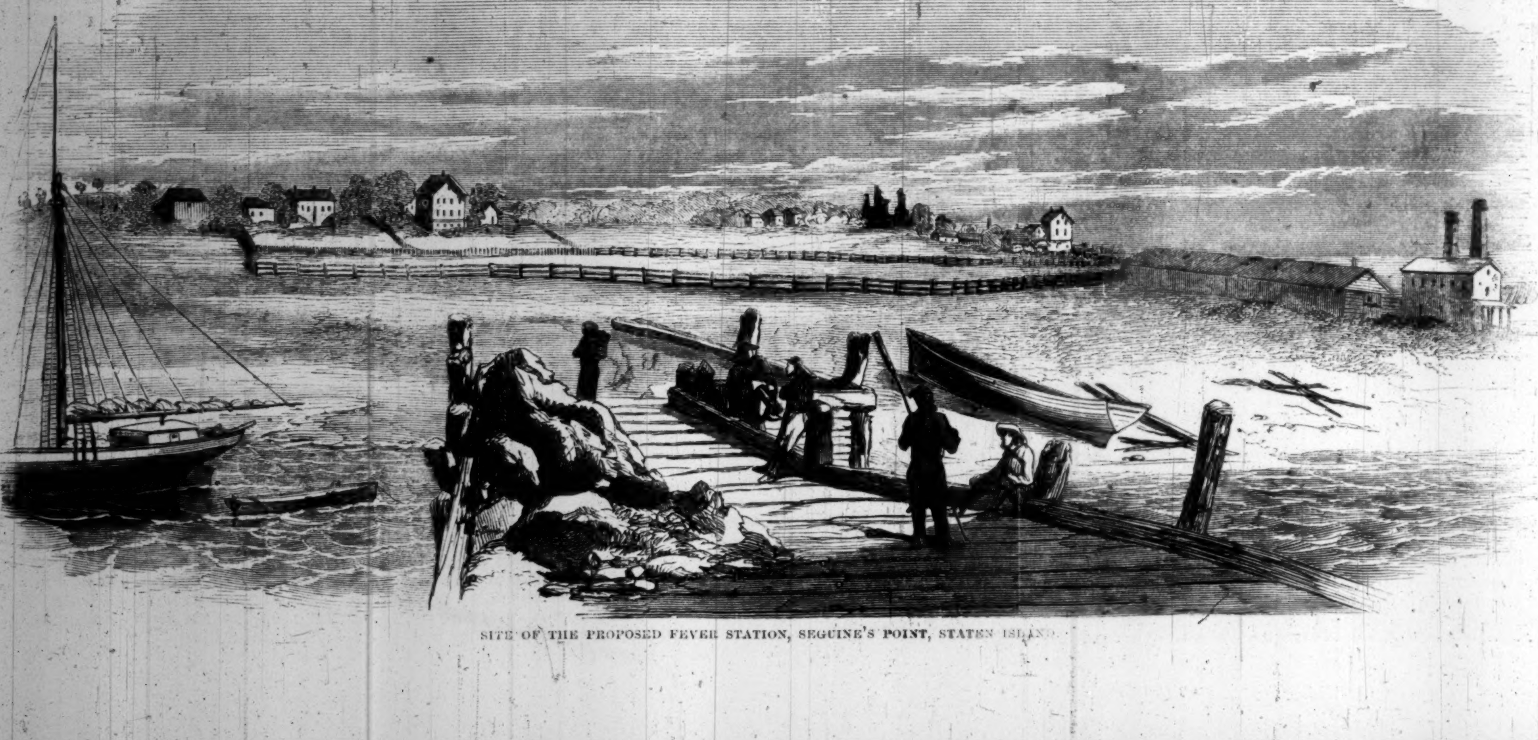
The first cut represents the Marine Hospitals at present used for Quarantine purposes, near Tompkinsville, on Staten Island. They are situate on the northeast point of the island, and have stood there for fifty-seven years. The first Quarantine Hospital established for the port of New York was on Bedloe's Island. It was planted in virtue of an Act of the Colonial Legislature, dated 1758. In 1796 the State Legislature was called upon to repair the buildings on Bedloe's Island; but for reasons which it is difficult to understand, that body resolved to move the lazaretto to Governor's (Nutten) Island, and appropriated a sum of money to build hospitals there. It is very doubtful whether any step was ever taken to carry this legislative provision into effect. If any buildings were erected, they have disappeared and left no trace. In 1799, a wiser spirit guiding the Legislature, it was resolved to remove the Quarantine Hospitals to a greater distance from New York, and the northeast end of Staten Island was selected. The island at that time was difficult of access from the city, and few, if any, merchants resided there. A few farms divided the beautiful slope between the hills and the shore. There was no village on the east side, and no road along the shore. Still, notwithstanding the comparatively wild condition of the island when it was resolved to plant Quarantine hospitals there, the inhabitants demurred. None of them would sell land for such a purpose, and the State, with questionable legal propriety, exercised the right of "eminent domain," and *took* thirty acres for its purpose, paying the owner a very small sum for the fee. The whole expense of land, buildings, and appurtenances, was covered by an appropriation of $15,000. In the year 1800, the Health Officer took possession, and ever since the tract in question has been made over to disease. In 1846, the law under which the Quarantine was established was remodeled, but without change of site, though even then a number of persons earnestly prayed for its removal to a site less injurious to the health of the city.



MAP OF THE NEW YORK BAY.

When the hospitals were first built, the number of patients received was naturally small. It increased year by year with the increase of the trade of the port, and in 1840–1842, the average number of admissions was 900. New hospitals had been built, and the accommodation for this number was sufficient.—But a few years afterward, when the immigration swelled to enormous proportions, the admissions were increased accordingly, and seven and eight thousand persons were received in the course of a year. In 1847, during the immigrant season, the average number of patients in hospital at one time varied from 800 to 1000. Of late years the number has fallen off in proportion to the decline of immigration. The total number of admissions during the year 1855 was only 2402—during the year 1856, 1648.

In the course of last summer yellow fever made its appearance at the Quarantine Hospital in a most malignant form. At one time the deaths were nine out of ten persons attacked. On a former occasion disease had spread from the hospital to the villages adjacent. Alarm



SITE OF THE PROPOSED FEVER STATION, SEGUINE'S POINT, STATEN ISLAND.

arose lest it should do so again. A few cases actually occurred. Persons who had been employed as stevedores on board infected ships—negroes who had cleansed ships in which yellow fever patients had died—women who had washed clothing used by the sick—persons who had bathed in the waters in which the infected vessels were lying, who had sailed round them, or who had gathered from the beach the bedding and stores thrown from them—were attacked, and in several cases fatally. The alarm spread from the island to the city. Hourly communication exists between Staten Island and New York; a disease so infectious, and so virulent as it showed itself on the Long Island shore, was deeply dreaded by the inhabitants of the city. Strangers took the alarm, and refused to visit New York; enterprising Boston and Philadelphia merchants are said to have distributed placards through the Western towns warning the country dealers against going to New York to make their fall purchases. It has been estimated that a million of dollars would not reimburse to the city the loss caused by the alarm.

Under these circumstances, the old cry for the removal of the Quarantine station to a point more distant from the city was revived. Committees were appointed, and all parties concurred in indicating Sandy Hook as the proper place for the hospitals. As will be seen by the accompanying map, it is at a considerable distance (say twenty miles) from the city; there is good anchorage there; it is isolated, and no infection could spread from thence. Unfortunately, it belongs to the State of New Jersey. A few years ago New Jersey was very willing to sell it, either to New York or to the United States; a contract of sale to the latter was actually drawn. But latterly a change has taken place. A few rich men from New York have residences in the adjacent county in Jersey, and prefer their own comfort to the safety of the whole city. When application for the purchase of the Hook was made to the Legislature of New Jersey, it was not made by the right people, or in the right way. A studied design to malign the people of New Jersey seemed to be the most conspicuous effort of the friends of the removal of Quarantine. Under these circumstances the negotiation failed, and the New Jersey Legislature passed a stringent Act forbidding the anchorage of New York vessels in Jersey waters, or the use of any portion of Jersey soil for hospitals.

Meanwhile an Act passed the New York Legislature, appointing Commissioners with authority to locate a temporary fever hospital on a point to be selected by them. These Commissioners chose the point marked on our map as the "Proposed Fever Hospital," near Seguine's Point, on the south side of Staten Island. One misfortune of this selection consists in the locality being a thoroughfare, and the site of a large and important oyster trade. It is calculated that a capital of $1,500,000 is invested in this trade, which will of course become valueless if the fever hospitals are planted on the spot. Another objection is, that the channel to the point is so narrow and intricate that accidents are certain to occur in taking heavy vessels thither; one of the oldest pilots in the harbor asserts that there are not five men who can pilot a heavy vessel to the new station. Nor is it sure that, in any point of view, a hospital at Seguine's Point would be preferable to a hospital near Tompkinsville. Medical men declare that fever will spread from thence, in consequence of the peculiar lay of the land, more readily than from the present hospital site. And there is every reason to suppose that the communication with the city will be nearly as frequent from Seguine's Point as it would be from the present Quarantine.

A consideration of these objections is, however, unimportant just now. The people residing in the Jerseys, at the head of the estuary which the proposed fever dépôt would shut up, seem to have resolved to protect themselves by any and every means. The dwelling-house appropriated for the reception of yellow fever was, the other night, burned to the ground. Menaces of every kind of violence have been uttered in case the design of the Commissioners is persevered in. And though Governor King has issued his proclamation, offering a reward of $2500 for the detection of the incendiary, the chances seem at present that the Commissioners will give way, and that the yellow fever patients will be received, as usual, at the present hospital, until Sandy Hook can be obtained from Jersey. To undertake to fight with people who are contending for the lives of their families and their own livelihood would only be to court defeat; and defeat in such a cause would be likely to attract more contempt than sympathy.

A BURDELL-IAN REMINISCENCE.

"What think you of the guilt or innocence of Mrs. Cunningham?" said I to my friend, Alexander Loftus, Esq., barrister of the sovereign people, and whose eyes are a perfect index to his wit and learning.

We were turning away from the crowd of curiosity-mongers, who form the *reserve corps* at every criminal trial.

"I will answer you," he returned, as we sauntered into the Park, "by a reminiscence of my earlier professional career in the county of ——.

"I was called to be counsel for a man accused of burglary. I listened to his case as we sat together in the little parlor of the jail, with sand for a carpet, a bull-dog for company, and a print of the hanging of Jack Sheppard for ornament. He was as ugly a customer as I have ever been honored with for client. A stranger, too, to our neighborhood, and a man of evident physical courage and desperation.

"His guilt was clear. The offense could not be modified, unless daylight were proven in order to reduce it to burglary second degree. At the worst, it was an imprisonment for life—at the best, confinement with hard labor for five years. He was surprised in the premises with his booty, and there was no defense to make.

"'I wouldn't go to the lock-up for life—I'd do the throat business first,' said he, as I sat reflecting in a stillness that allowed the ticking of my watch to be heard, as if mocking the period referred to.

"He had his right hand about his throat, and his left was upraised. He looked as eager as the picture of the demon in 'Mephistopheles Illustrated,' and I involuntarily drew back.

"'You're afeard, mister,' he added, with a laugh.

"I rejoined, attempting the same strain, 'By no means. But you couldn't strike a very hard blow with your left hand.'

"'Couldn't I? Aha! Do you remember your defense of Mrs. —— for the murder of her husband?'

"'Do you mean that you knew of that trial? You were a stranger. You said you—' I stammered, as he alluded to a trial of five years back that had resulted in an acquittal.

"'Yes. I moved away from here soon afterward; but I was present—yes, present, present, present, present!' He kept repeating in a tone that gradually sank into inaudible whispers.

"My curiosity was aroused; and, despite his desperate looks, I drew my chair close to him. But my importunities for information were unavailing. 'Not now,' he would say, as he proceeded now and then to talk of his own affair.

"In taking professional care of the latter, we adopted the dictates of prudence. The District Attorney consented to a plea of second degree, which was followed by imprisonment for six years.

"I shook hands with him for a farewell in the same room of the jail in which he had excited my curiosity; and as turning to go, he whispered, referring to the number of his term, 'It's only six of one and half a dozen of another. I'll not stay long.'

"'You won't?' And I made a motion to my throat, inquiringly.

"'No; but something better'll dodge me off the hooks. I couldn't stand in-doors what I've stood out-doors since—. But I'll not tell you now. Come to Auburn next Sunday, and maybe I'll feel like blabbing.'

"I did so; and his story (that can now do no harm to professional confidence, as he died a raving maniac in less than four months afterward) ran to this effect:

"He had moved into our little city, with his mother and sister, six years before, as a weaver. They were Nottingham emigrants. His sister was a young maiden of sixteen years. One day she went to the office of Dr. ——, a long-established dentist, to have a tooth pulled, and he attempted to treat her in a style of gross freedom. Returning home, she told her brother, who loved her with his breath of life. Bidding her not to tell 'mother,' and no soul knowing of the visit or the outrage, he bided his revenge.

"'But no one noticed my manners. I sat at my work singing, but my heart was full of the devil. A villain had touched with scorn my little Jenny. I knew no higher crime than that. I asked no better employment than to avenge it!'

"By the tone of these words my quondam client had given me a clew to his former reference to the murder trial. The horrors of the thing rose to my brain at once, and the glaring eyes of the narrator were not more burning than mine became as I listened to his story, which I give in spirit, although the words were coarse, and often the sentences incoherent.

"'The time came. I watched the Doctor's house from the rear of the garden. The night was autumnal, dark, stormy, and the winds howled through the fruit trees as if it would level them to the ground. I watched him in his curtainless room. He had fallen backward on his seat asleep with book in hand. I climbed the shed. The howling wind hid the noise of the raised window. I leaped into the room. In a second I was at his back, with my right arm bent firmly around his neck pressing with all my force. For an instant our looks met. He could not stir or move, and I saw him die with the eyes swelling, the blood settling in his face, and his tongue gasping out as, with the immense purchase obtained, I held him firmly in his seat. I strode for the window. Just as closing it from the outside, what was my horror—(ten-fold more than when I held him, because he had *seen* me—our eyes had met—greater than having little Jenny outraged would be the crime of having her brotherless and without protection)—what was my horror to see him attempting to rise! Again I was at his side. He gave an imploring look, and tried to speak; but the throttle had been too strong for his voice, which was gone, and for his strength, which was paralyzed. His instrument case was by. With my *left* hand (I was left-handed, and yet I doubt if three people in the world had noticed it) I drew a knife from the case, pressed him in his chair, and drew it from the left side of his jaw around to the back of his neck. There was a spout that cleared my arm, and fell in a spray of blood drops to the carpet; and again I was out with the only mark of the crime upon my soul. The rest you know.'

"He paused a moment for breath; and I was under terrible excitement as I remembered how the Doctor's wife had been tried for the very murder he now so graphically described.

"'*You* know how, when the body was discovered, the idea of suicide was destroyed because no right hand could have cut as *I* cut; how the examination of Dr. —— showed that the wound went from front *toward* the back; how was revealed what no one guessed before but servants and relatives, that the dead man and his wife lived amidst bitter quarrels, and that threats had passed between them; how these were colored on the witness stand by the servants; how curiously she had acted when told of it! Yes, yes—you—you (he added spasmodically) know all this, and how she turned out to be left-handed—every thing to fit!'

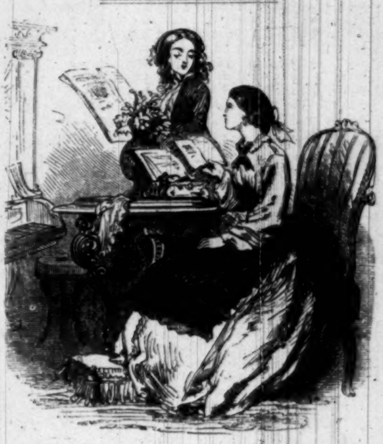
"I was in a cold sweat as the remembrance of the trial came, and how all these points were pressed with terrible asperity and amidst great rudeness of speech by the blood-thirsty Attorney-General.

"And *I*—*I* went to my work next day as calmly as possible—and *I* was at the Coroner's jury—and *I* was in the great court room—and listened to the farce of a trial with little Jenny at my side—and read in the papers the abuse given to the blood-thirsty attorneys because they couldn't convict an innocent woman who, despite the threats, made out as clear an alibi as could be, and who couldn't be expected to cry much for a dead man who, when alive, had used her like a brute.

* * * * * *

"I have given you the reminiscence," concluded my friend Loftus. "Mrs. Dr. —— was not guilty. Mrs. Cunningham *may* not be, for the circumstances are equally capable of deception."

And so we parted.



PRATTLE AND TATTLE.

A DRY-GOODS STORE.

Dear Editor,—Being in the condition so well described by your brilliant correspondent of having "Nothing to Wear," I was obliged to devote myself to a shopping expedition to-day; and I have come home tired out with standing and talking; cross because I can't find any single thing I wanted, and very much disappointed that one dollar doesn't swell to two when within the precincts of a dry-goods store. Mrs. Davis also had what she called "business" at S——'s, and we proceeded down town together. What a crowd! what confusion in the place! every body wanting attention, but none to give it, as the general proportion is one attendant to a dozen purchasers!. I myself don't know which most to study—the patience of the young men earning money, or the impatience of the young ladies spending it. My own sex is not polite (to itself), and I am pushed, and jerked, and knocked about without mercy; for among ourselves we have not the slightest respect for each other's hoops or feelings, but break and crush them with malicious pleasure.

Mrs. Davis goes at once into the cloak-room, endeavoring, for the tenth time, to decide whether she will or will not purchase that "elegant garment" which she has been looking at at intervals, and thinking about incessantly, for the last fortnight. It is necessary to be cautious, you know; for the "establishment," worn down by feminine caprice, has been compelled to announce that it can not change any "article" once selected more than *three* times. It is here also that the clerks, as well as the cloaks, are shown off to the greatest advantage. In the spacious arena of the "mantilla department" their airs and graces are better displayed than in the rear of the counters, where they look like so many jacks in the box, popping unexpectedly up and down. And let me tell you, my dear Sir, you have done more mischief than you imagine by that recent number of your journal which gives a representation of a good-looking clerk, surrounded by anxious purchasers supposed to be contemplating his personal attractions. Will you believe me? the moment I entered the store my eye was attracted by a young mountebank of a salesman holding up a delicate fabric with the utmost affectation, and putting himself studiously into the *Harper*-attitude! By-and-by I discovered they were all, more or less, suffering from an epidemic of the mustache and posture kind, and seemed to think we were there simply for the purpose of looking at them! I am provoked at such vanity; but I must say I blame *you* for some of it.

These young men—clerks, salesmen, or whatever their generic name may be—always make me very indignant. There is no medium in their conduct. They are either supremely indifferent alike to your necessities and your fancies—don't ask what you want, and don't care to get it when you have expressed it; or they run into the other extreme, and torment you to death with their advice and suggestions; neither of which do I require.

"What can I show you, madam?"

"I want to see some Grenadines, Foulards, or light, summer materials."

"Yes, madam. We have a very fine assortment."

The "fine assortment" resolves itself into a heap of hideous patterns—huge staring flowers, immense palm leaves, or stripes broad enough to support a giantess. I would not martyrize myself by wearing such things if they were given to me; much less should I think of buying them with my own ready money. I therefore look contemptuously, and demand something else.

"I can show you here, madam, a new style of goods, very much sought after. Some very elegant designs! We have already sold almost all we had, and have but these few left! They are quite the rage!"

My answer to this sort of palaver is a request to "take them away again, for I never wish to put on what every body else wears."

Finding the "universally worn" doesn't suit, the young man tries the opposite tack; and taking a *recherché* and exclusive tone, produces a pile which he asserts to be "entirely new, madam; only just out of the packing-cases this morning! No one has yet seen them! Allow me to show them to you."

Hereupon he unfolds before me an immense heap of what he calls "sweet things"—brilliant plaids, gay enough to blind one, and big enough to cover a ten acre field. Now, I am not a person of vast proportions, neither do I belong to that diminutive type of womanhood which causes one's rivals to describe one as "an insignificant little thing!" and one's adorers to designate one as a "dear little pocket Venus!" If there is one thing under the sun I particularly detest, it is a plaid; and this fellow not only brings me plaids, but *monstrous* plaids, as if I were a Brobdignag Scotch woman! Fancy cutting up my neat figure (as one very nice person that I know calls it)—fancy me cutting it up into blocks—one shoulder red, the other, perhaps, green; the neck blue; and my taper waist yellow! To say nothing of the skirt-breadths not being properly matched, and a red rib suddenly joining on to a black one! With ill-concealed disgust, I therefore reject these "charming things," and try to think of something else.

The poor patient clerk, seeing me look so discontented, does his best to please and to recommend; but as he is there to be useful and not to talk, I should prefer him to be silent. He even tries the delicate complimentary dodge, and calls me "Miss" several times; but the manœuvre has been so often shown up in the humorous periodicals of the day, that I can not honestly persuade myself it is a spontaneous tribute to my youth.

"Let me have some green silk of this shade, any material—poplin, *glacé*, *moire*, any thing will do, of this particular tint."

"Oh yes! we have it, certainly, Miss;" and the blind creature brings forward something about as like my order as a pea is to a pine; and he persists, too, in asserting that the grass green he shows me is an exact match to the sea-green I show him! He thinks he strengthens his position by assuring me I may "go all over the city and not do better;" as if *that* could make any difference, and convert a bad match into a good one! I really do think these young men ought to pass a *color* examination before entering upon the duties of a dry-goods store, and worrying us with their blind and ignorant assertions. I believe it has been scientifically ascertained that many persons *are* color-blind. It would be well if the Stewarts, Becks, etc., etc., would recollect the fact, and act accordingly. This poor fellow says what he thinks, I dare say; but as he can not distinguish, and I can, he gives a great deal of trouble to us both, and I see clearly he thinks my temper bad and my disposition unyielding. But I stand firm, and am not to be persuaded into taking *his* green for *my* green. And isn't it enough, I ask, to make one cross, to go from store to store, from window to window, before you can get a glimpse of any thing decent? And I am not hard to please, after all! I like pretty things and nice things, only I don't want to be cut up into strips, or to be marked out like a chess-board, or to be stamped all over with unmeaning patterns!

Besides, I am naturally so vain, that it is always more important to me to look pretty myself than to have my gown thought so. It is bad policy, in my opinion, in any woman who is not a positive fright to call attention away from herself, and centre it upon her garments. The woman first, the dress afterward, is my principle; and, I must own, I like to be the more admired of the two.

After much pain and tribulation, I was forced to end in having a quiet gray silk, and you'll see it, probably, my dear Sir, when I come to visit you next week, according to the appointment you have *not* made. Meanwhile my companion had decided to take the cloak, about which she had been down to the store eleven distinct and special times, and she returns home with the calmness of an approving conscience, grateful to Providence that she has done what she likes best, and beaming with the satisfaction of having performed a good action. But, for my part, I feel both melancholy and savage; for I not only have "Nothing to Wear," but can't find any thing fit to buy. I am too cross to say more, so farewell. Yours, in sorrow, etc.

LITERARY.

Heroines of Methodism; or, Pen-and-Ink Sketches of the Mothers and Daughters of the Church, *by Rev. George Coles*. New York: Carlton and Porter.

These are they of whom the world was not worthy: faithful, noble women, who have gone to the assembly of the just. These were the heroines of homes, those little worlds that make and guide this one great world; gentle, lovely, and beloved, whose deeds, if unknown to the rolls of fame here, are recorded in letters of light, to be read plainly when this existence is a far-off memory to the saints. If in this world there is one spot more holy than another, it is the grave of a Christian mother, who, having taught her children the lessons of life, as that inspiration which God almost always gives to the Christian mother has enabled her to teach, who, having pointed them forward over the hills and valleys that intervene between them and heaven, has gone on to that home, and there awaits them. Around her memory a fragrance lingers that is part of the very atmosphere of heaven.

Were the grouping of such characters done by a less skillful pen than Mr. Coles's, the book before us would be of deep interest; executed as well as it is, it forms one of those portrait galleries of worthy and saintly personages that are most welcome to every Christian home, and to the heart of every man who has a mother going or gone to heaven.

Carter & Brothers are indefatigable in supplying families with religious books for the household. We have now from their press the first volume of EXPOSITORY THOUGHTS ON THE GOSPELS, *by the Rev. J. C. Ryle*, including the Gospel according to MATTHEW. The author has designed it specially for use at family prayers, but also for general use as a companion to the text, which is printed in full with the commentary.

We have been much interested in OBSERVATIONS ON MEMBRANEOUS CROUP, *by Dr. George E. Belcher*, President of the American Homœopathic Society, who gives a very extended series of notes of cases attended by him. The recent death of several distinguished men by a disease closely allied to, if not identical with this, has made the subject peculiarly interesting outside of medical circles. The learning, skill, and ability of Dr. Belcher are well directed in this paper. His views demand attention by the clearness and perspicuity of his reasoning, as well as by the force of the illustrations which he gives from practice.

We have an increasing pile of novels lying on our table, which our space will not permit us to notice at length. We have scarcely announced GUY MANNERING, when Ticknor and Fields introduce to us THE ANTIQUARY, in their new, plain, prim, and graceful dress, making our old friend Jonathan Oldbuck welcome anew to house, heart, and library shelf. We can not avoid a momentary feeling of remorse at speaking of Scott in the same paragraph and style with modern novels and novelettes; but he, at least, will never suffer from the company he is found in. Never to be forgotten is the moment when, after six days of rolling in a dirty French steamer, utterly destitute of mental resources within or literary without, we discovered a concealed closet called a library in the saloon of the steamer, and a greasy volume of THE ANTIQUARY between Dumas and Eugène Sue. That day is marked with white chalk among many dark ones.

Speaking of Scott reminds us, in passing, of Irving's exceedingly pleasant introduction to the 1848 edition of THE SKETCH BOOK, and this leads us to mention that Putnam & Co. are issuing a cheap railway edition of Irving's works, of which the first three volumes—SALMAGUNDI, of old fame, THE SKETCH BOOK, and THE TALES OF A TRAVELER—are issued. What need to say more of them? New editions, cheap or dear, of Irving, will be always wanted, welcomed, and bought, wherever the English language is read. These books are convenient, handsome, and cheap.

Miss Yonge's DYNEVOR TERRACE finds its way to us in our English package; and remembering the HEIR OF REDCLIFFE, we seized on it. It possesses some of the same interest, but is not equal to that really good novel. In fact, DYNEVOR TERRACE would be better if there were less of it, and being too long, is quite too stupid.

GAUT GURLEY: A Tale of Border Life, *by D. P. Thompson*, published by J. P. Jewett & Co., has the merit of being a novel of our own country. It is a tale of trappers in the forest, commencing with another sort of trapping in the hells of a city. The scenery of the story is varied, as might be supposed.

Apropos of forest life, we have THE BORDER ROVER, *by Emerson Bennet*, which Peterson & Co. send us from Philadelphia, and which is pronounced one of the best works of its well-known author.

KNAVES AND FOOLS; or, Friends of Bohemia, *by Edward M. Whitty* (the Stranger in Parliament), which Rudd & Carleton publish, is one of a new class of novels that will be read with avidity. The pictures of London men, manners, and character are so good, so true to life, so evidently personal, the action of the novel is so striking, opening up scenes of public and private life which no one has before ventured into, that although its scenes are sometimes such as make us blush for human nature, they are, at the same time, such as we can not doubt the truth of, and such as make the reader constantly feel that the author has let him into secrets of society and life which ought not to have been revealed.

SCANDAL, *by Mrs. J. T. Bickford* (published by Shephard, Clark, and Brown, Boston), gives us a shocking idea of the manners and morals of young ladies in and around Boston, if one-fourth of its incidents have any foundation in fact or truth in imagination.

Captain Marryat's novels appear in new and altogether the most handsome dress they have worn in America, from the hands of Derby and Jackson. We have PETER SIMPLE and JACOB FAITHFUL, and are to have the others in rapid succession. If any one be in want of lively reading on a warm day of summer, he will find the old stock of fun in these pages as fresh as ever.

ADDITIONAL RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

NEW YORK.

Charles Scribner.

Life of Mary, Queen of Scots. By D. M'Leod. 12mo, $1 25.

The Norse Folk: a Visit to the Homes of Sweden and Norway. By Charles L. Brace. 12mo, $1 25.

The Christian Doctrine of Slavery. By Rev. George D. Armstrong, D.D. 12mo, 63 cents.

Sheldon, Blakeman, & Co.

Grace Truman; or, Love and Principle. By Mrs. Sallie R. Ford. 12mo, $1.

Biblical Commentary on the New Testament. By Dr. H. Olshausen. Vol. III; 8vo, $2.

BOSTON.

James French & Co.

Peace; or, the Stolen Will. By Mary W. Janvrin. 12mo, $1.

Gould & Lincoln.

Essays in Biography and Criticism. By Peter Bayne, A.M. 12mo, $1.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

POLITICAL.

THE FOREIGN MISSIONS.

Two hundred gentlemen are said to be *en permanence* at Washington, waiting to be sent abroad by a beloved country. The omniscient correspondents of the daily papers publish fresh programmes of the new list of ministers every day or two. According to the latest information, Mr. Dallas is to remain yet a while at London, then to be succeeded by Robert J. Walker, who, in the course of a few months, it is expected, will have settled the Kansas question to every body's satisfaction. Mr. Mason is said to have a weakness for staying where he is; but neither Mr. Slidell nor the President seem inclined to indulge him. All parties seem disposed to concede this mission to the former gentleman. No one has yet been mentioned for the Berlin mission, which Mr. Vroom, of New Jersey, has already declined; but Mr. Aiken and Colonel Pickens, both of South Carolina, are likely to have the refusal of it. It is hinted that Mr. James B. Clay, of Kentucky, might have had the Spanish mission, from which Mr. Dodge is to be ousted; but Mr. Clay prefers remaining at home. Mr. Forsyth, of Mobile, is to be recalled from Mexico, and a Southern man, of equally strong tendencies, to be commissioned to make a new treaty with the Republic. It is also understood that Mr. Trousdale, of North Carolina, will be replaced by another Southern man at Rio Janeiro. Who shall take the place of Governor Seymour at St. Petersburg is not well known, though the States of Indiana and Illinois are likely to have the offer of the post. Mr. John R. Clay is believed to be secure in his post at Lima, notwithstanding the late complaints against him.

THE DALLAS-CLARENDON TREATY.

It is understood that Great Britain has made a formal proposal to the Administration for a new Central-American treaty, to supersede the one which the subordinate convention to Honduras has for the present defeated. No correspondence, it is said, passed between Lord Clarendon and Mr. Dallas on the subject; the offer was made by Lord Napier. It is generally reported that the President declines renewing the negotiation, and prefers throwing the responsibility of a new treaty on the Senate.

THE GOVERNMENT OF KANSAS.

Hon. Robert J. Walker, after a brief visit to this city, during which he was entertained at a semi-public dinner, and afforded an opportunity of saying that he would secure to the people of Kansas an opportunity of voting freely on the new constitution, has departed for the seat of his new government. A letter from acting-Governor Stanton, dated Lecompton, 27th April, contains the following reliable information on the prospects of the Territory:

"I have been here now nearly two weeks. The country is indeed very beautiful and inviting, but it is perfectly new and uncultivated. We have none of the conveniences of living, and have great trouble even in getting the necessaries of life. The civil war of last year prevented the farmers from making or saving any crops; and now almost every thing we eat is hauled from the Missouri River; yet, notwithstanding this, the people are coming in great crowds. Most of them come, however, with a view to speculation. This brings a great deal of money into the country, and the consequence is that every thing is extremely high—quite as high as in California upon the first discovery of gold. But these prices will not last. One year of peaceful industry will give plenty and prosperity to the Territory. I hope to be able to maintain peace. The prospect is quite good."

THE MAY ANNIVERSARIES.

The usual May meetings of the several religious and benevolent Societies have been held during the week. Some of the meetings were very interesting. The following schedule shows the progress of the Societies in a pecuniary point of view:

Societies.	1855.	1856.	1857
American Bible Society	$346,811	$393,317	$441,805
American Tract Society	413,174	415,606	420,585
American B C of Foreign Missions	154,232	*158,700	†307,318
Pres. Board of Foreign Missions	181,074	201,933	205,768
American Home Mission Society	180,137	193,548	178,060
American and For. Chris Union	63,867	65,500	76,296
American and For. Bible Society	46,034	105,618	45,000
American Bap. Home Miss. Society	64,345	51,541	44,507
American Anti-Slavery Society	18,000	18,000	38,000
Ladies Home Mission Society	‡8,000	9,957	37,557
N. Y State Colonization Society	17,571	18,993	†36,933
Female Guardian Society	20,133	27,925	30,353
N. Y. Sunday School Union	‡18,000	‡10,000	15,538
Seamen's Friend Society	22,845	22,283	27,520
Pease Five Points Mission	26,000	30,000	20,000
American Abolition Society	‡4,000	‡5,000	6,546
Young Men's Christian Association	—	—	3,947
Female Magdalen Society	3,348	‡3,000	3,334
American Congregational Union	—	7,000	2,945
Infirmary for Women and Children (new society)	—	—	3,000
American Temperance Union	2,350	1,587	2,004
Society for Ameliorating Condition of the Jews	10,000	7,000	‡10,000
Children's Aid Society	9,859	10,164	11,142
Systematic Beneficence Society	(new)	—	1,142
Society for Ed. of Colored Children	—	—	650
Total	$1,595,780	$1,756,672	$1,971,808
Increase of 1856 over 1855			$160,892
Increase of 1857 over 1856			215,136
Increase of 1857 over 1855			376,028

* Seven months. † Including educational fund. ‡ Estimated.

DEATH OF CHIEF-JUSTICE OAKLEY.

Chief-Justice Oakley, of the Superior Court, died at his residence in this city on 11th inst. The courts adjourned on receipt of the mournful intelligence, and meetings of the Bar and the Bench have been held to express their respect for the great and good man that is gone.

RUMORED TROUBLE IN UTAH.

While we are all here expecting war with the Mormons, a report reaches us by way of Carson Valley to the effect that the Mormons have risen against Brigham Young, and deposed him. It is said that he has fled to save his life toward California. It is hoped the news will prove true.

PERSONAL.

The Hon. Howell Cobb has returned to Washington and resumed the duties of his office.

Major M'Culloch has not yet been heard from, but his deputy-marshal has written to Washington to say he will probably accept the governorship of Utah.

Hon. Fayette M'Mullen has accepted the governorship of Washington Territory.

Wyman B. Moore, of Maine, is likely to succeed Israel Andrews as Consul-General in Canada.

Charles K. Graham, of this city, has been appointed Chief Engineer of the Brooklyn Navy Yard, in place of J. M'Leod Murphy.

Caleb Cushing arrived, on the 2d, at Milwaukee, and on the 4th started for St. Croix Falls.

General Henry Wilson, United States Senator from Massachusetts, passed through our city the other day on his way to Kansas. He purposes to visit Minnesota before returning.

Colonel Orr, member of Congress elect from South Carolina, arrived in St. Louis on the 6th, and staid at the Planters' House. He attended the celebration of the union of the Atlantic and Mississippi by railway at Memphis. Colonel Orr will be probably the Buchanan candidate for Speaker in the next election.

The Vicksburg (Mississippi) *Whig* notices the arrival in that city of General John A. Quitman: "The gallant old gentleman is rapidly recovering his health, and looks as though he had a dozen campaigns in him yet. His numerous friends here were glad to see him, and he was cordially welcomed on every hand. We believe that it is generally understood that he will be a candidate for re-election, and it is almost equally certain that he will have no opposition."

Dr. James Wellman, of Fitchburg, writes that he passed the evening of April 15 with Senator Sumner, in Paris. Mr. Sumner stated that he was rapidly gaining from day to day, and confidently anticipated a complete and speedy recovery.

General Harney, accompanied by Captain Van Vleet, U. S. A., arrived in St. Louis on the 8th instant, from Florida, *en route* for Fort Leavenworth.

Humphrey Marshall was said to be very badly whipped, a short time since, in a little "scrimmage" which he got into with a Democrat in Henry County, Kentucky.

John Claiborne, Esq., formerly editor of the New Orleans *Courier*, has been appointed special agent for the Government, to collect statistical information in Europe in relation to the use and consumption of cotton. He left by the steamer *Africa*. Mr. Breckinridge, who fought a duel with Leavenworth, and who more lately was wounded by Mr. Nixon, of the New Orleans *Crescent*, takes charge of the editorial department of the *Courier* in the absence of Mr. Claiborne.

A bounty land warrant for one hundred and sixty acres has issued from the Pension Office to Hon. John P. Kennedy, of Baltimore, for his services as a private soldier in Captain Warfield's Company Maryland militia, war of 1812.

Vespasian Ellis desires to sell his American Organ at Washington, one of the last relics of the National American Party. He proposes for himself to go back to the law and claim agency.

The Hon. Edward Everett's lecture on Washington, at Louisville, Kentucky, on 12th inst., was enthusiastically received. Not half of those who wanted to hear him could get inside the hall, and he repeated the lecture on the following evening.

Henry C. Carey, of Philadelphia, left for Europe in the *Hermann*.

Thurlow Weed and family are on a visit to Georgia.

Rev. Mr. Livingstone, recently pastor of the Congregational Society in Mattapoisett, has embarked for England on a visit to his brother, the distinguished explorer of Africa.

The Rev. John Barry, of Savannah, Georgia, has declined the appointment of Bishop of Georgia, recently tendered to him by "His Holiness Pope Pius IX."

Mr. Matsell, Chief of New York Police, has made preparations to move to Northern Illinois, where he owns nearly a township of land, which he purchased some eight years since, and which has risen greatly in value since he made his location. He has already sent out his horses, and will soon follow them. The Chief's purchases were made from the bounty lands of Mexican soldiers, and it is said that the rise in prices has made him almost a half millionaire.

The Rev. Dr. Howard, at the anniversary dinner of the Chicago "Boston Union," gave the following toast: "Daniel Dana, D.D., the only surviving representative of the old type of Massachusetts clergymen—a patriot, a scholar, and a Christian!"

The youngest daughter of John C. Calhoun died on 22d ult., aged thirty-one. Miss Calhoun was a lady of the most marked and estimable character, of much intelligence, with singular amiability and kindness of disposition. She was a communicant of the Episcopal Church. Her death was sudden and unexpected by her friends.

It is reported that John Dean is rusticating in Franklinville, a few miles east of Riverhead, Long Island. He is boarding in the family of Mr. John N. Sayer, and is being tutored and polished by the Rev. Mr. Reed, a Congregational clergyman. He was sent down there by his lawyer, and, to avoid recognition, assumed the name of John Johnson.

At the opening of the Supreme Court in New York, the other day, a sensation was created by a gentleman's rising and asking the Court for protection. "As a European," said he, "away from my own country and the defense of my own government, I ask your honors to protect me. I have been defrauded—plundered of $1500 by an attorney of this Court, named Daniel E. Sickles." Judge Mitchell remarked that the Court could take no notice of the alleged facts unless they were put into the form of an affidavit.

General Don Domingo Goicouria has been in New Orleans for several days. The General is said to be on his way to Mexico, with a view, as the *on dit* has it, of stiffening somewhat the backbone of Comonfort's government by the assurance that, if Spain makes war upon Mexico, the latter may expect assistance from the liberators of Cuba.

The Hon. Asher Cook and Dr. R. I. Patterson of Ohio—the former one of the Trustees and the latter the Superintendent of the School for the education and training of idiotic and imbecile youth at Columbus, in that State—have visited the city during the week.

When Delmonico undertook to comply with the new New York License Law, by filing an application to sell liquor, signed by twenty freeholders, he purchased a couple of acres of Long Island land for $10, cut it up into twenty lots, presented these lots to twenty of his waiters, who, being thus qualified, signed his petition, "according to law."

Mr. Alexander Smith, author of "A Life Drama," and whose second volume is on the eve of publication, has just married Miss Flora Macdonald of Skye.

It is said that Dr. Snow received a check for £100 for his recent attendance with chloroform on the Queen.

A woman named Couch, 70 years old, and heretofore of good repute in the neighborhood of Bath, N. Y., where she resided, was detected in stealing articles in a store one day last week. She was so deeply mortified by the exposure that she went home and destroyed her life by drinking hellebore.

A man of sixty years wooed a damsel of forty-five, who did not favor his suit. The disappointed swain, on Tuesday last, at Louisville, Kentucky, shuffled off this mortal coil by taking strychnine. His name was Norval, and he recently lived, not on the Grampian Hills, but at Pleasureville, Kentucky.

District-Attorney Weir has entered a *nolle prosequi* in the case of Mr. Robinson, of Kansas, indicted for treason.

AN ETHEREAL VOYAGE.

A day or two since, an advertisement appeared in the New York papers, offering $100 reward for the recovery of Miss A. Kissam, who was described as sixteen years of age, of slender figure, fair complexion, light, short hair, thick and curly, gray eyes, green striped dress and basque, dark cloth talma, pink bonnet, trimmed with blue ribbon, etc. This young lady, whose parents reside at Brushville, Long Island, was at a school at Jamaica, Long Island, from which she suddenly disappeared, to the great distress of her preceptor and friends. As now developed, the story of her wanderings, her arrival at a safe haven, and the final discovery by her friends, is as follows: Miss Kissam has within a short time been a good deal troubled with the toothache, for which some one advised her to take opium. This did not answer the purpose, and then ether was tried. After she took the ether, as she now states, she has but an indistinct recollection of what occurred, but, doubtless, in a state of semi-unconsciousness, she wandered off, and went on board the New York boat for Norwich. It is stated that when she applied for a ticket, she placed her portmonnaie in the hands of the ticket-master, from which he took the price of the ticket and returned it to her. She arrived safe in Boston on Tuesday morning, and wandered over to Chelsea. She then had, apparently, in part recovered from the effects of the drug, and made application to a house of respectable appearance for leave to write to her parents, telling her story, of her sudden unconciousness, which she stated continued until she found herself near the house to which she had applied. She was taken in and kindly cared for. In the mean time the father had dispatched a nephew to Boston, who applied to the police for aid. It was ascertained that a girl answering her description had taken passage for Boston, on Monday night, by the Norwich route. The conductor also stated that, happening to be in Chelsea on Tuesday, he saw the young lady there. Officer Benjamin Heath at once proceeded to Chelsea, and after some search found her, and, by the train last evening, she left on her return to her parents.

LYNCH LAW AT LOUISVILLE.

The four negroes accused of murdering the Joyce family some months since have been acquitted. One of them turned State's evidence, but his testimony was not legally corroborated. There was considerable excitement about the court-house during the trial. About dark a mob broke into the cannon-house and got a cannon, which they placed in front of the jail. Several shots were fired by the mob and from the jail. The jailor, fearing the escape of the prisoners, formally surrendered two of them, who were hung by the mob. The third cut his throat with a razor, but the negro who turned State's evidence was unmolested. The remaining negro implicated in the Joyce murder was afterward hung by the mob, making three hanged and one suicide.

OUTBREAK AT SING SING.

There has been a serious outbreak among the convicts at Sing Sing. At breakfast-time on Sunday morning, 10th instant, about sixty of the prisoners, having knocked down the guard, formed in two parties, one of which made for the river and the other for the village. They were pursued, and after a short chase every one of them was captured. No one was seriously hurt in the *melée*. The conspiracy, however, was not confined to the above-mentioned gangs. The remaining prisoners, at the conclusion of their breakfast, and upon a preconcerted signal being given, rushed upon the keeper, and were beating him, when the agent of the prison came to the rescue, and discharged his pistols among the convicts. This had the effect of quelling the revolt. Quiet was restored, and punishment inflicted on the offenders. The ringleaders of the rebellion were two brothers named Dunn. The affair seems to have been concocted with considerable skill, and had the prisoners scattered, instead of keeping in compact bodies, doubtless many of them would have effected their escape.

GRAND CELEBRATION AT JAMESTOWN.

It is estimated that seven thousand persons, including sixteen military companies, participated in the Jamestown celebration, on 13th instant. Ex-President Tyler occupied two hours and a half in the delivery of the oration. Governor Wise spoke in response to the multitude. Fireworks and a grand ball terminated the ceremonies. Sixteen steamers, gayly decked with flags, anchored at the island.

WARDROBE OF A YOUNG LADY.

A young lady on a traveling tour lost her trunks, and delivered to the company that was answerable for the loss the following list of their contents:

1 diamond bracelet and pin	$450
1 hair bracelet	60
1 " "	20
1 heavy gold bracelet	110
2 " " rings	20
1 coral bracelet and pin	35
1 pearl fan	15
1 gold chain	20
1 brilliant pin	10
2 small coral bracelets	7
2 pearl card cases	15
Artificial flowers	30
1 set Honiton laces	20
1 " Valenciennes laces	20
1 " Applique laces	20
Other collars and sleeves	40
1 handkerchief	12
1 "	5
1 "	7
1 "	8
1 "	5
1 "	3
Others amount to	30
Bouquet holder	10
Opera cloak	30
Ermine furs	30
1 velvet mantilla	30
1 parasol	5
2 embroidered skirts	40
1 black flounced dress	45
1 pink " "	55
1 buff flounced dress	45
1 " plain silk	10
1 blue brocade	20
1 " "	20
1 white muslin, flounc'd	30
1 " " "	30
1 brown merino	30
1 black silk basque	18
1 " satin basque	12
1 plain ashes of roses basque	12
2 lace skirts	25
1 morning dress of raw silk	24
1 drab woolen skirt	8
2 long night dresses	10
1 white embroidered flannel skirt	$10
1 pair drawers	2
2 chemises	5
1 pair corsets	3
2 " white silk hose	6
1 " black silk hose	3
3 " Lisle-thread hose	3
5 " cotton hose	6
1 " white kid gaiters	4
1 " brown & bronze gaiters	6
1 pair walking boots	7
1 " red kid slippers	2
1 " bronze "	2
1 " black prunella slippers	2
2 ivory-stick fans	7
1 white paper fan	1
1 shell comb	4
1 dressing-comb	4
1 brush	3
1 braid hair	4
1 set curls	7
1 head-dress	10
2 "	10
3 night-caps	2
1 book	1
1 opera-glass	18
2 hand mirrors	2
1 glove box	8
7 pair gloves	7
2 pair mitts	6
1 " "	5
5 plain skirts	10
2 flannel skirts	4
1 black silk basque	12
1 all-wool delaine dress	7
1 brown poolin dress	7
1 night dress	2
Plain skirts	1
Trunk	30
"	15
Port-folio	4
Flounced skirts	5
Letter paper, pens, water colors, drawings, letters, etc.	3
Total	$1765

Very little bread to all that sack!

A MORMON STORY.

A man by the name of Nash emigrated to Utah last summer, and settled in Provo, a Southern colony, taking with him his daughter, a beautiful and interesting girl of some seventeen summers, who had been much sought by the propagators of the "Celestial Kingdom." She succeeded, however, in baffling the antiquated and anointed *roues* among the "Saints," and preserved her purity until after the death of her father and only protector, which occurred during the past winter. The Bishop of Provo, a creature named Carter, officiated at the funeral of Nash, and after concluding the prayer over the dead body of the father, turned to the weeping girl, informed her that she was now unprotected, and *must* become his wife! In less than ten days she was forced to yield, and now swells the number of Carter's "spirituals" to seven.

HORRIBLE DISCLOSURES.

Great excitement has prevailed at Concord, North Carolina, during the past week, caused by the discovery that several children, who died recently, have been disinterred and their bodies removed. A quack doctor, known by the name of Nugent, applied to a man to assist him in taking up a child that had been buried a few days before. The man made the request known, and intimated that two little girls, daughters of a very respectable gentleman residing in the vicinity, had been removed from their graves by this man Nugent, for the purpose of extracting medicinal properties from their flesh and bones. To ascertain the truth of the rumor the father had the graves reopened, and found the coffins and bodies missing. Of course this created a deep sensation; it was determined to inflict summary punishment upon Nugent; but on visiting his house he was found very sick and in a dying condition. One report says that he took poison after learning that his operations were known to the public; and another, that he died from a disease contracted from frequent handling of decomposed bodies. Nugent died on Wednesday, 6th. He made a statement before death, to the effect that he had exhumed about sixteen dead bodies in Concord and elsewhere, and after using them (for making medicine) he burned the flesh, coffins, and every thing, to prevent detection. His ash-pile was examined, and teeth and bones found therein. His theory appears to have been that a medicine could be made by boiling the liver of a human being that would cure liver complaint; and so with regard to other diseases.

MORE JERSEY PEARLS.

A Trenton (New Jersey) paper says: "We, some days ago, noticed the fact that two or three small pearls had been found in muscles picked up on the 'gravel'—a small island in the Delaware, opposite the State House—and that they had been pronounced by competent judges to be the genuine article. This, however, did not throw our community into any unhealthy excitement, and our pearl fisheries have been almost entirely neglected. But on Friday last William Crossley found in the same place about a dozen genuine pearls of the true color, the largest of which was the size of a small pea. We have no doubt that 'there are more where these came from,' and that 'the gravel' is destined to rival Notch Brook in the quantity, quality, and value of its pearls."

ANOTHER PRESENT FOR THE PRESIDENT.

There is now at the United States Marshal's office, received by the *George Law*, a chair intended for the President of the United States. It is made entirely from the horns of two buck deer, shot in Humboldt Bay, Humboldt County, California, 220 miles above San Francisco. The deer from which the horns were cut were the size of middle-sized ponies. The box in which it is inclosed is itself a curiosity, the sides being one single piece of about five feet square each, from the enormous red-wood tree of California. It is in charge of the donor, who is a genuine hunter, and who shot the deer himself. He is about six feet high, face covered with hair, and wears buckskin hunting-coat, etc.; no thread.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

DEATH OF THE DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER.

The last of the children of George III. has departed this life. Her Royal Highness Mary, Duchess of Gloucester, has just died at the age of eighty-one. She was born on the 25th of April, 1776, and consequently had long passed the ordinary limit of human life. There were thirteen children born from the marriage of George III. with Queen Charlotte: George, Prince of Wales, afterward George IV.; Frederick, Duke of York; William, Duke of Clarence, afterward William IV.; Edward, Duke of Kent; Ernest, Duke of Cumberland, afterward King of Hanover; Augustus, Duke of Sussex; and Adolphus, Duke of Cambridge. Of the six daughters three died unmarried, and three were married. The names in the order of birth stand thus: The Princess Royal, Charlotte Augusta, who was married to the King of Wurtemberg; the Princess Augusta, who died unmarried; the Princess Elizabeth, who was married to the Prince of Hesse Homburg; the Princess Mary, the lady just dead, who was married to her cousin the Duke of Gloucester; and, finally, the Princesses Sophia and Amelia, both of whom died unmarried. With so copious a race there was little danger of a disputed succession or of a vacant throne. It is singular, however, how few in number are the representatives of this numerous family in the present generation. Queen Victoria, the King of Hanover, and the three children of the late Duke of Cambridge are, we believe, now the only survivors, and the Princess Charlotte, daughter of George IV., is the only one who has passed away. There is, however, but little chance that the Royal Family of England will be speedily exhausted. But a few days before the venerable Duchess of Gloucester was summoned from this world a ninth child was born to the Queen of England, so that an orderly succession to the British throne would appear to be among the events on which one may calculate with reasonable certainty.

IS THE MARRIAGE OF THE PRINCESS ROYAL BROKEN OFF?

Strange rumors have been afloat in reference to the marriage of the Princess. It is well known about the royal circle that the young Prince of Prussia, during his long stay in England, was allowed all the familiar privileges awarded affianced young gentlemen in a less elevated sphere, and that the graces of the young Prince's person and manners had a real, an unaffected influence on the mind of the Princess Royal. To be brief, and so avoid unmeaning circumlocutions, it was admitted that these youthful scions of royalty loved each other as other people love who intend to wed. The unpleasant stories in question say that the projected marriage is to be set aside for the sake of public convenience. For reasons of a political nature the Prince of Prussia is not to wed the Princess Royal of England. It is said that, after the decided feeling shown at the hustings, Lord Palmerston dares not propose the dowry which the Prussian Court considers essential.

THE COURT AND THE PLAYERS.

Our London correspondent writes: "Every thing conspires to deprive the Londoners of their 'season' this year. To fill up the measure of their woes, the last of the children of George the Third has expired, and the Court, not yet out of mourning, must even renew it for a much longer period. When one of the royal family dies, the Lord-Chamberlain, according to time-honored custom, orders all the theatres to be closed for the evening. There seems to be a hardship in this. For if the object be to debar the public from the enjoyment of innocent pleasure, it altogether fails; for there are abundance of other places of amusement open, to which the public throng, quite unmindful of a deceased duchess. The poor player, mulcted of his night's pay, may mourn sincerely; but why, he asks, should Albert Smith, and Woodin, who strut and fret *their* hour upon the stage, 'pocket the browns' (as the vulgar have it), when royalty goes out? Here is a distinction without a difference, surely?"

HOW TAILORS GET PAID.

He adds: "I know an aristocratic tailor who makes himself bankrupt about every five years, in order to collect his debts without offending his customers by asking for money. The Earl of Mornington has just been compelled to pay his son's tailor's bill, amounting to some thirty thousand pounds. It is true it was the aggregate of some twenty years' wear and tear of suits, but what must the tailor have suffered?"

THE EXHIBITION AT MANCHESTER.

He adds: "The value of the Art Treasures contained in the Palace of Art at Manchester is estimated at four millions sterling, being double the money value of the contents of the Great Exhibition building of 1851. In fact, it is impossible to fix a money value upon Raffaelles, Rubenses, Murrillos, Vandykes, Rembrandts, and the productions of the old masters. The catalogue of this exhibition will be one of the curiosities of literature, and a valuable and unique exponent of the wealth of England in works of art."

THE NORTHERN BELLE.

The following sensible letter from Mr. Dallas to the Earl of Clarendon has been published in the London papers:

"The United States Minister at the Court of St. James's has the honor to transmit to the Earl of Clarendon, etc., twenty-one silver medals and a bill of exchange for £270 sterling, and to request that his lordship will be pleased to cause these testimonials to be delivered to the brave individuals for whom they are intended by the President of the United States, in acknowledgment of the services rendered in saving the lives of the crew of the American ship *Northern Belle*.

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"The undersigned has been specially instructed to lay before the Earl of Clarendon the list, accompanying this letter, of those truly heroic spirits who manned the life-boats, and to beg that his lordship will cause each individual therein mentioned to be presented with the silver medal inscribed to him, and also, from the amount of the bill of exchange, with the sum stated opposite his name (augmented according to the number of risks incurred), in evidence of the high appreciation and acknowledgment of their conduct by the Government and people of the United States.

"The undersigned avails, etc.

(Signed) "G. M. Dallas.

"Legation of the United States, London, April 23."

A NEW EXPLORING EXPEDITION TO AMERICA.

A scientific exploring expedition, consisting of three or four persons, is about to proceed, under the sanction of the British Government, through the western portion of British America. It is intended that the party should proceed from Lake Superior to Lake Winnipeg, and from thence through the country lying between the northern branch of the Saskatchawan and the boundary of the United States. The Government is desirous of making the expedition as scientifically useful as possible; and with this view, the assistance and counsel of the Royal Society have been solicited. The Council has appointed a committee to act in the matter, and a report has been drawn up. The expedition is to be commanded by Mr. John Palliser.

MR. RUSSELL'S LECTURES.

Mr. W. H. Russell, the *Times* correspondent, having recovered from a serious illness, is announced to give three lectures on the Crimean war in London. There can be no doubt but that they will be very interesting, and the only regret felt is that the price of admission is fixed at such a very high rate that few, comparatively, will be enabled to listen to this talented gentleman's descriptions. The admission to the three lectures is two guineas, or for a single admission fifteen shillings. These are the highest prices on record for a similar, or indeed any other kind of entertainment.

MANŒUVRING IN A DITCH.

The General Ashburnham who is sent to command the British forces in China is said to have distinguished himself in a singular way in India.

It was at the battle of Sobraon that, when a lieutenant-colonel of the 62d foot, he commanded a brigade, consisting of the 9th foot and two regiments of the Native Infantry. At the mess-table of the 9th foot, in March, 1846, it was frequently mentioned how beautifully the Brigadier kept the brigade in a nullah, or deep ditch, until an officer on Lord Gough's staff rode down, and, with more impetuosity than politeness, roared out, in reply to an observation of the Brigadier, "Manœuvring be ——! There are the batteries, and the Chief says you are to charge them!" This order the brigade received with a hearty cheer, and did charge them most gallantly.

CRINOLINE IN BANKRUPTCY.

In the Bankrupt Court an application for certificate was made by James Henry Smith. Mr. Levy, a creditor, opposed on a multitude of grounds which he could not establish; and Mr. Linklater, for the assignees, complained that the bankrupt spent £2239 in improvements in ladies' stays:

Mr. Commissioner Fane. "Were they of a nature to attract the fashionable world?"

The Bankrupt. "Yes; improvements in the bodice,"

Mr. Linklater. "Was this improvement in corsets made with what is called crinoline?" (Roars of laughter.)

Mr. Lawrence. "No, no; that is very much lower down." (Renewed laughter.)

The Bankrupt. "The improvement was inserting elastic in corsets."

THE LAST NEW THING.

A spider-tank is the last novelty, and likely to be the most popular one introduced. It should be furnished with a perforated glazed top, and be not less than ten or twelve inches high, formed upon a square base of some six or more inches. The best model contains three dozen spiders, acting, like a body of ants or like a hive of bees, under a chosen ruler, and the arrangement of the nest and the formation of the web have been the work of the most perfect subdivision of labor, each individual spider performing its allotted task without interfering with that of its neighbor. The *Argyroneta Aquatica*, the diving water spider, when isolated from its companions, builds a cuplike nest close to the top of the water, and the membrane which surrounds the body, being transparent when inflated with air, assumes the appearance of a glittering metallic substance. So charged, the spider descends to the bottom in search of prey, but frequently is itself devoured by fish before it reaches its destination. To guard against this, nature has taught it that unity is strength, and when acting together in a body, the web is so strong and of such dimensions, that fish themselves are entrapped and become food for the colony. The immense activity of the spider, continually ascending and descending, glittering and bright in its airy dress, makes it one of the most amusing additions to the vivarium, and the spider-tank guards it from the danger to which it is subject if placed within the general aquarium.

FRANCE.

COURT MOVEMENTS.

A Paris correspondent says: "The Emperor and Empress have within the last few days been seen oftener in public together than has lately occurred. The truth is, that the state of public securities is so depressed, the public mind so keenly alive to every kind of rumor which seems prescient of danger, and the health of his Majesty every now and then so precarious—as indeed it is said to be at this particular moment—that all who are interested in the conservation of things as they are, are anxious that no Court scandal shall occur to increase the imbroglio. They are to go to Compiegne on the 16th of May for a week, with the King of Bavaria."

MADAME CASTIGLIONE GETS HER CONGE.

The Empress Eugénie has insisted on the departure of Madame de Castiglione. Of course, there are a variety of stories as to the *modus operandi* of this *dénouement*, the greater part of which are probably of the simple imagination school. But so well had her Majesty been kept in the dark on the amount of influence exercised over her liege lord by the beautiful Italian, that it was only the notorious conspiracy against his life, and which so nearly succeeded, on the occasion of his visiting her, that the Empress became aware of the whole state of the case. Her Majesty then did as even Juno condescended to do before her, and made the palace of her Jove so warm with the noise of her wrongs, that Napoleon was compelled to imitate the omnipotence of mythology, and dismiss his inamorata. It is publicly announced that the Count and Countess de Castiglione have departed for Italy. That there was much weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth in other quarters than the Tuileries there can not be a doubt; but beautiful as was the syren, the Emperor had no mind to become a second Mark Antony, and lose the world he has hitherto grasped with so strenuous a hand for a woman. It is said that the Spanish blood was up in the Empress, and that she declared either she or Castiglione should cross the frontier. Napoleon declined the alternative, which would have celebrated the Grand Duke's visit by a domestic fracas, and signed the order required of him. But, alas! beds of roses were never made by violence—the leaves must fall placidly and kindly together, if their softness and fragrance is to be a perpetual charm; once rudely handled and torn away from the parent tree, thorns are apt to be mingled with them, and then the repose is hazardous. If Castiglione does not turn up again, there will be other fair Richmonds in the field, now that the castle has once capitulated.

THE POLYTECHNIC SCHOLARS PARDONED.

The Emperor has adopted a measure which will be received with great favor by the middling class of French society; he has permitted all the scholars belonging to the second division of the Polytechnic School, which was recently disbanded, to return to their studies. Not a single exception had been made to this act of favor.

INCREASE OF PRODIGALS.

The subdivision of property among the French, whatever may be its merits, lends its aid to the general propensity to extravagance. A young man, a younger brother, gets his little share of property, and launches at once into the pleasure it may place within his reach. He goes up to Paris with a few hundred or thousand francs, and spends his capital as if it were income. He is asked after by some one who has met him in better days, and the stereotyped answer is, He has disappeared. There are *oubliettes* in society for these prodigals. Some find their way to Africa, where they carry muskets; some to the jail, some to the bottom of the Seine. None recover by industry the footing lost by extravagance. Families do not generally run the road to ruin so fast. They follow the fashion of expense by living fully up to their incomes, and the husband endeavors to extend the means of enjoyment by a little gambling, under the commercial name of speculation.

THE ONE PRUDENCE OF THE FRENCH.

One prudence only is observable, and that is in avoiding the charges incidental to a number of children. The saying so common in England, "Where Heaven sends mouths it sends meat," is unknown in France, and the number of mouths to be fed is adjusted strictly to the means of feeding them. A husband and wife have one or two children, or none at all, as the *Times* observes, according to their ideas of what they can afford. Of course, then, in proportion to the enlarged expenditure for objects of luxury and show is the circumscribed space for the nursery. The stables cut into it, the coach-house cuts into it—above all, madame's toilet. Where you would see with English habits half a dozen healthy boys and girls walking with their parents, you see, instead, in the Bois de Boulogne, a fine lady in a handsome open carriage. The horses, the coachman, the footman, are in lieu of the children. Every thing can not be afforded. A choice must be made, and we see what it is. The preferred issue of the French couple are their own favorite pleasures, dress, equipages, good living, gambling. Children would narrow the means for these enjoyments, or leave for them no means whatever; therefore children are not born to curtail their parents' pleasures. And the want of them is not felt where all is given to the gratification of vanity and the senses. The drawing-room, the dining-room, the promenade, and the theatre, fill every moment and satisfy every wish; or it is only when these things stale and pall that a desire arises for the new plaything of a boy or a girl.

THE GRAND DUKE CONSTANTINE AT PARIS.

The Grand Duke Constantine has arrived at Paris. He was received at the railroad station with grand ceremonial. Several of the houses along the Boulevards were decorated with flags, in which the Russian colors were mingled. From three or four o'clock the great thoroughfare leading to the Lyons Railway Station was crowded with the curious, who were anxious to catch a sight of a real Russian prince, particularly of one to whom popular report attributed the sterner features of his family. The Grand Duke sat in an open carriage drawn by four horses, with Prince Napoleon on his left. Both were in uniform, the Grand Duke as an admiral, with a blue ribbon and star. Prince Napoleon wore the dress of a General of Division, and displayed the grand ribbon and star of the Legion of Honor. The carriage in which they were seated passed along at a walking pace, so that a good view was had of the Duke by the people, who thronged the footways and the balconies of the houses. The day was rather cold, but otherwise fine, and the two Princes were enveloped in cloaks, which were thrown back at the shoulders. There was no cheering on the Boulevards, but the spectators in the streets saluted by taking off their hats as the carriage passed, and the Grand Duke acknowledged the salute by touching his cocked-hat with the open hand. Indeed, he ceased hardly for a moment returning the salute. The carriage in which the Princes rode was preceded by a detachment of Guides, and officers belonging to the Imperial household rode on both sides. Another carriage followed with the functionaries who received him at the railroad station; in a third were deposited the ponderous person of Marshal Magnan and the more slim forms of his aides-de-camp; and a fourth conveyed the Russian officers of the suite of the Grand Duke. The rear was brought up by a squadron of Guides in full dress and equipments. It was perhaps owing to the coldness of the day that neither the Grand Duke nor the Prince wore an expression of much animation. The Russian Prince is rather a mild-looking young man. He is of fair complexion, with small, light whiskers, and a thin, fair mustache.

CHEERING PROSPECTS FOR THE POPULATION OF FRANCE.

An amusing circumstance which occurred the other day at a concert given in the Salle-Cecile for the benefit of the Orphan Institution of Igny, coupled with the crowds of joyous children which throng the Tuileries Gardens and the Palais Royal, would shake one's belief in the asserted decline of the population, were that fact not based on official figures. At the above concert Mesdames Viardot and Caroline Duprez were the principal vocalists, and Madame Rose Chéri performed with M. Dupuis in a slight "proverbe." The proceedings went off most successfully, and a lady patroness, approaching Madame Rose Chéri, begged her to step round the concert-room and make a collection in favor of the institution. Madame Rose Chéri, with much embarrassment, replied that her position was of so very interesting a nature that she dared not venture into a crowd. The lady patroness smiled, and invited Madame Caroline Duprez, or rather Madame Vanden Hemel—for such is the harmonious name of her husband—to make the collection. But Madame Duprez blushed, and confessed that her position was so very similar to that of Madame Rose Chéri, that she must beg to decline. "Then the lot must fall to you, Madame Viardot," exclaimed the lady patroness. Madame Viardot sighed and responded, "Alas! I am like those ladies." The lady patroness in despair handed the plate to M. Dupuis, who, having no reasonable objection to offer, made a collection which will bring happiness to the poor orphans of Igny.

ANNUAL REPORT OF THE CRÉDIT MOBILIER.

The report presented by the Council of Management of the Credit Mobilier Company, at the general meeting of shareholders, held on the 28th ultimo, at Paris, commences with the remark, that the year just elapsed has been one of severe trial to public credit and to monetary and commercial interests in general, as well as to this Company. * * * * * The amount which the Crédit subscribed to the government loan was beyond all precedent. It was put down at the outset as 250 millions of francs, which a few days after was raised by the subscriptions of foreign clients of the Company to no less than 625 millions; but ultimately, as the result of an impulse to which this Company greatly contributed, the sum was definitely reduced to 1,280,920 francs, in the Three per Cent. Rentes. The purchases of stock made by the Company in order to keep up the price of the public funds attained the amount of 1,849,816 francs, representing a capital of 40 millions, at the beginning of 1856; and with the same conservative purpose the Company retained possession of the greater part of this stock during almost the whole of that year. Meantime, while the Company thus stood in the breach, and defended the position, it continually furnished large sums upon the security of rentes to the average amount of 44 millions monthly. Another department of its operations, namely, subscriptions to the loans raised by different companies, has been greatly extended in the last year. The amount of railway debentures it has negotiated during the year is about 115 millions of francs, besides which it has guaranteed the issue of 89,000 new shares of the Southern Railway, and made successive advances to that railway company, as its works required them. Nor is this all the assistance which the Crédit Mobilier has given to railway companies; to prevent them from interrupting their works, it has granted them credits amounting altogether to 38 millions of francs. The Company also, at every periodical liquidation in the Bourse, lent upon the security of shares to the average amount of 15 millions of francs fortnightly during the first nine months of 1856, when the Bank of France had been obliged to adopt very restrictive rules. The total amount of the *réports* (carrying over of accounts to the next settlement) effected by the Company during 1856, upon stock and shares, came to no less than 703 millions of francs. * * * * * The statement of accounts is given in detail, resulting in a net profit of 15,249,981 francs, from which, after deducting the 5 per cent. interest on the capital, as provided by the statutes, remains 12,249,981 francs; and this, when the 10 per cent. for the directors, amounting to 1,200,000 francs, has been deducted, and a small sum carried to the reserve, yields 10,800,000 franks for a dividend, at the rate of 90 francs per share, among the shareholders, who will thus have received, in interest and dividend, altogether 115 francs per share. The foregoing report was unanimously adopted by the meeting.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

M. Soyer has had the honor of two interviews with the Emperor Louis Napoleon at the Tuileries. He has been deputed, moreover, to visit the *Fourneaux de l'Impératrice*, or soup-kitchens. They are sixty-eight in number, and are established in every quarter of Paris, as well as in the suburbs. Nothing is given gratis, but the soup and other articles of food are sold under cost price, thus affording great relief to the recipients. In the report M. Soyer submitted to the Emperor, he spoke in high terms of these institutions, and proposed several improvements for adoption on the reopening of these kitchens next winter. He also intends to introduce several new and cheap receipts for the benefit of the working classes.

Lablache, the *great* bass, has returned to his villa near Paris, from St. Petersburg, laden with presents; he is engaged for next winter at St. Petersburg, as well as his daughter-in-law, Madame Lablache-Meri.

The Prince de la Moscowa (son of Ney, divorced husband of Lafitte's daughter, father-in-law of M. de Persigny) is in very fast-declining health.

The *grand cordon* of the Legion of Honor is to be sent to the Shah of Persia.

Count de Morny is expected to be shortly in Paris.

Madame Madeleine Brohan will soon return to Paris from St. Petersburg; she will receive 18,000 francs a year from the French Comedy, by express orders of —— the *Emperor*.

M. Troplong (the Chief Justice Taney of France) has gone to Marseilles to re-establish his very-much-impaired health.

It is said General Cavaignac, MM. Bethmont, Dufaure, and Goudchaux, will be candidates for this city for the *Corps Legislatif;* M. Jules Favre will be run for the Rhone; the former are moderate Republicans, the last is a Red Republican. Their success is more than doubtful.

It is rumored that the Czar and Louis Napoleon will meet this summer at Dresden.

Prince Napoleon spends next winter in Egypt.

PARIS DETECTIVES.

A Paris correspondent writes: "Three days ago, while walking in the Rue de Rivoli with a friend, my attention was called by the latter to a gentleman who was walking leisurely some paces before us. 'Do you know who that is?' was the question put to me; and to my negative reply, 'If you have any curiosity about him,' added my friend, 'we will join him, and make him talk on a subject very familiar to his understanding. He is no other than M. ——, one of the prefects of police of the republic of 1848, who held the position for the longest period of time, and best discharged that very difficult office.' Of course I profited by my friend's proposal; we joined M. ——, and, the mutual presentation effected, we journeyed on, all three together, up the Champs Elysées, and on to the outer side of the Arc de Triomphe; after which we re-descended the Champs Elysées by the side opposite to that by which we had entered them. Our subject of conversation soon became that by which I commenced my letter—the anxiety, namely, of the Government touching the Emperor's safety. 'Yes,' remarked our new companion, 'I do not need to be apprised of that. I need only look around me as I walk;' and this phrase our interlocutor explained in the following terms: 'If it is of any interest to you, I will point out, as we go along, the individuals, under every imaginable disguise, who some few years since were the soldiers of my army. They are every where, and by twenties, thirties, hundreds; they are lounging, or walking quick, apparently hurried by business; old and young, rich, poor, sick, or healthy, listening to you and me as we converse, prying, spying, watching all around;' and in truth, it was beyond measure curious to see the men M. —— pointed out to us, and with whom he every now and then exchanged an imperceptible sign of recognition.

WHAT A MOUCHARD IS LIKE.

"Out of those that struck me most I will notice a few. One was a lame beggar man, who went halting along with a most piteous mien, and who our informant told us was remarkably clever at his trade. 'Observe,' he said, 'how he always contrives to stop and seem to rest himself whenever two or three men meet upon the pavement and begin to talk; he is listening to what they say.' Another was also very ingenious. This was an elderly-looking invalid, closely wrapped up, attended by a livery servant, and who had ensconced himself in one of the now very comfortable chairs that garnish the Grand Avenue. He had placed himself in the very middle of a group of sitters, of both sexes, whom the first rays of this premature sunshine had seduced to what are usually the haunts of a month later. Others again (and a great many) were dressed as workmen—some in blouses, some in working jackets. Several were attired in 'shabby-genteel' costume, looking like poor professors or *employés*; while some were as elegantly dressed and appeared as gentlemanlike as the generality of dancers in Paris ball-rooms. 'The place where you may see the most of these gentry,' said M. ——, 'is, if you will come as far as the round point of the Champs Elysées, the fountain. It is their gathering place; they know that in the course of the day they can always be sure to find each other there.' Sure enough, when we reached the fountain, we found a small circle of these police heroes, and as we approached, our informant designated them to us. 'You see the seedy-looking man with a bundle of papers under his arm; the journeyman painter lolling against the edge of the basin; the dandy examining the play of the water through his eye-glass; and that tall, raw, ragged youth, trying to make a bit of a boat sail along? Well, I know every man of them. They are all *mouchards* (police spies)!' As we passed quite close to these individuals, we noticed that our companion was evidently known to them, but, as he himself remarked, 'they did not venture to bow' to him."

PUNISHMENT OF BAKERS.

Eleven bakers in the town of Mans have been suspended by the prefect for not having a sufficient supply of flour in their shops. This announcement requires some explanation, for it is certainly far from obvious how the suspension of so many bakers in a not very large town can tend to remedy a scarcity of food.

A MAIL-COACH ATTACKED BY ROBBERS.

The *Journal du Puy de Dome* says: "Two nights back the vehicle which carries the mail between Sarlat and Montignac was stopped by a band of eight or nine robbers. The two gens d'armes who escorted the carriage fired without hesitation, and, it is believed, wounded one of the assailants. These latter returned the fire, and in their turn wounded both the gens d'armes, and one of them, named Galvert, dangerously. The firing alarmed the inhabitants of a neighboring village, who sounded the tocsin, which circumstance so alarmed the robbers that they took to flight, carrying with them their wounded companion. The vehicle contained a considerable sum in specie, and the conductor had upward of 50,000f. in his pocket-book, all of which fortunately escaped."

PRUSSIA.

SETTLEMENT OF THE NEUFCHATEL QUESTION.

The Neufchatel question is settled at last. King Frederick William always desires to show that he is the very æsthetics of the fashion. When military exploits are in vogue, he will sit listening to choral strains exciting enough "to inspire an oyster with the emotions of a dragoon;" he is next found disputing with the doctors on theology or metyphysics; but in a matter of money he is a practical man, and now "the Prince of Neufchatel" orders his Envoy to make a mock auction of his Swiss estate. "What shall we say for Neufchatel? Beautiful Swiss Canton, near the lake of that name; picturesque castle; healthy situation; swarming with tourists in the summer season. Shall we say £100,000? No bid? Gentlemen, pray consider the clocks. Let me say £70,000. £50,000. The feelings of the vender and the honor of the house of Brandenburg ought not to be lost sight of altogether. I am not only disposing of a flourishing Canton, but of the credit of a most respectable Monarchy. Say £45,000. Why, gentlemen, really this is a mere trifle—£40,000. No bid? Lower than that figure I can not go; at that price I am instructed to buy the lot in. The chivalrous feelings of the vender will not allow him to accept a lower price."

ITALY.

A CORPSE COUGHING.

The *Pensiero* of Oneglia, in Piedmont, relates the following anecdote: "A few days ago one of the prisoners in our penitentiary died. One of his companions being particularly desirous of exchanging the confined air of the cell for the purer atmosphere of the fields, resolved to purchase liberty by substituting himself for the deceased. He accordingly secreted the body under the straw, and occupied its place. His stratagem was very near succeeding, for he was carried out of the cell in due form, and had a fair chance of effecting his escape, when he was seized with a violent fit of coughing, at which the men who were carrying him ran away in a fright; but the turnkeys who witnessed the scene were less superstitious, and took him back to his prison." The above account resembles exceedingly that narrated in the first volume of "Monte Christo," with the difference of the failure.

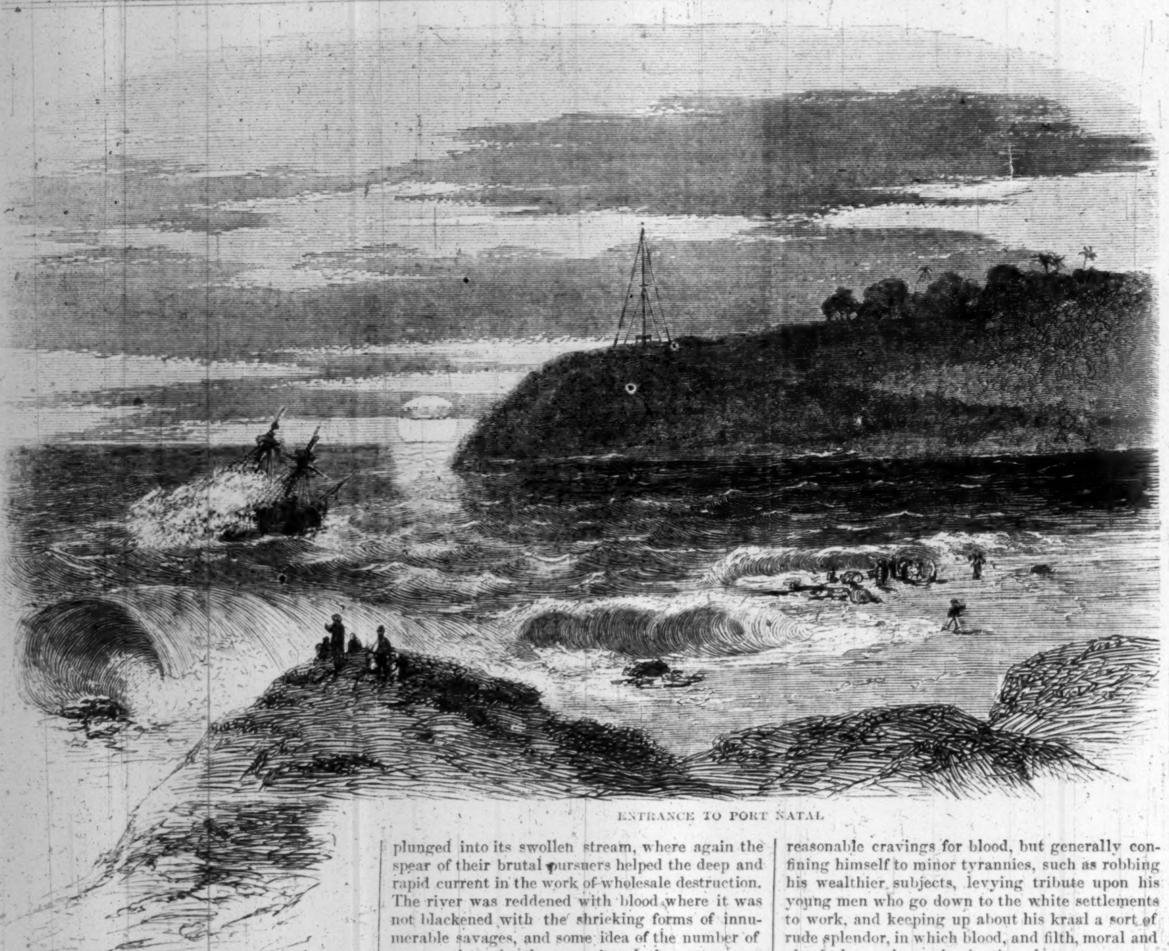
THE WAR IN CHINA.

Advices from Europe and Asia indicate clearly that the war in China will soon assume very formidable proportions. England is preparing for a very extensive naval and military demonstration against the Emperor; and ships-of-war, gun-boats, transports, floating hospitals, and troops are being fitted out and mustered with alacrity. It is said that the Island of Formosa will be immediately seized on. France is preparing to join her ally by sending out several additional vessels of war and a well-equipped land force of one thousand men as a first instalment. Russia has been in actual conflict with the Chinese on two occasions lately—once at Hong Kong, and again on the Siberian frontier—and in both instances the Celestials had to fly before the forces of the Czar.

NICARAGUA.

RUMORED ESCAPE OF WALKER.

It is rumored, on the authority of a letter from Havana, published in a New Orleans paper, that General Walker has made his escape to a British ship. The story is not generally believed.



ENTRANCE TO PORT NATAL.

ZULU LAND—A JOURNEY THITHER.

By the last mail from Cape Town we have news of another bloody civil war among the Zulus of South Africa. The Zulu country lies to the north and east of the British province of Natal, the most northerly of the departments which are under the Government of the Cape of Good Hope. The Zulus have always borne the character of a fierce, turbulent, excitable people; honest and trustworthy as servants and laborers in times of peace, but utterly ungovernable and brutally ferocious when arrayed for battle.

The present disturbance seems to have had its cause in the jealousy of two sons of the reigning Chief or King, Panda—a source, by-the-way, of several of the wars and wholesale massacres which have, since the beginning of this century, almost depopulated portions of the Zulu and Natal country. Ketchwya, the victorious disputant, who is but nineteen years old, is now, so states the news, scouring the country in every direction, and putting to death not only his enemies, but all who have chosen to remain neutral and inactive. Panda, his father—who is yet in his prime, and as stalwart and ferocious a savage as one would care to behold—has found it necessary to raise an army, in self-defense, against his victorious son. This individual, who seems, in the nineteen years of his life, to have accumulated an amount of savage ferocity truly surprising, has caught his brother Umbulazi, and actually *skinned him alive*. Panda's favorite wife had her eyes put out with assegais or spears, and was then driven out into the woods to end her sufferings by starvation. From calculations said to be very moderate, it is believed that no less than *one hundred thousand* persons have already perished in the short period since the commencement of disturbances. Of these the major part are women and children.

Of the decisive action which preceded the general massacre we have but a short account. It appears that the two armies of Ketchwya and Umbulazi came into near proximity about seven or eight miles from the Tugela, the dividing river between Natal and Zulu Land. The former was much the more numerous, being, it is believed, 20,000 strong. Umbulazi's force mustered about 8000. An English gentleman, named Dunn, attempted to negotiate a peace between the two parties. He approached the army of Ketchwya with a troop of sixty mounted men for this purpose, but was repulsed and set upon by the savages.

A Dutchman named Gouws (a settler in Natal) was professedly supporting Umbulazi at another point. Mr. Dunn's little party thrice momentarily repulsed the huge mass of Ketchwya's army, and gallantly stood their ground for a time; but against such terrible odds successful resistance was hopeless, and the whole army of Umbulazi took to flight, as well as the Dutchman and his party. No battle, therefore, was fought; but the scene was a rout and a wholesale slaughter. Mr. Dunn escaped on his horse; but his party, and the whole of Umbulazi's army, had to run a distance of seven miles before they reached the river, the further (that is, the Natal) side of which offered the only place of possible safety. Followed by a mighty mass of infuriated and triumphant savages, multitudes fell fainting by the way, and were quickly dispatched by assegais. Multitudes more fell beneath the deadly thrust of that weapon while running for their lives. The women and children, who had taken refuge in kloofs and ravines prior to the actual attack, were inclosed and mercilessly butchered. Still several thousands of men, women, and children reached the Tugela, and plunged into its swollen stream, where again the spear of their brutal pursuers helped the deep and rapid current in the work of wholesale destruction. The river was reddened with blood where it was not blackened with the shrieking forms of innumerable savages, and some idea of the number of corpses that shortly encumbered the water may be formed from the fact that they obstructed the action of the oars and the passage of the boat that conveyed the few who were able to avail themselves of it. Of Mr. Dunn's party of sixty, only eight or ten returned to tell the tale of horrors, and the number of Zulus that perished by spear or water in the terrible massacre is estimated to be at least 6000.

Such scenes recall the days of Chaka, the Zulu Napoleon, who, thirty years ago, overran the entire Zulu, Natal, and Kaffir region, and used to massacre a thousand or two of unfortunate prisoners in the morning, by way of creating for himself an appetite for breakfast; who thought nothing of asking a man to twist his own brother's neck; and who, when his regular executioners were worn out with the bloody work, would jump into the arena himself. Chaka had a real relish for human blood. Young boys and girls were brought from a great distance to be slain before his door. The dead bodies of men and women, slain at a distance, were dragged to his hut, and there beaten till they had lost even the semblance of humanity. His place of residence was called *Umbulalo*—the place of slaughter—from the fact that the king one day ordered an entire regiment of his own troops, with their wives and children, and other attainable relatives, to be slaughtered there.

Chaka, in fact, made the Natal country such a lifeless waste during his twenty-five years' reign, that in 1828 he found himself unable to catch any one in all the territory to kill. And as this was the only use he had for the country, he gave the whole district to a Mr. Isaacs, who, not being able to farm it all, surrendered it to Great Britain.

Chaka was killed by his brother Umslangaan, and he in turn fell before another brother, Dingaan.

Dingaan was a lamb compared to Chaka. His victims could be numbered by hundreds only, while Chaka's must be counted by thousands. Dingaan, too, seems to have been a polite man, quite considerate for the feelings of Europeans. Chaka used to kill his hundred or two of children, or his thousand of adult prisoners, talking pleasantly all the while to Mr. Isaacs, who succeeded him as proprietor of Natal. Dingaan, having solicited a visit of peace from some Boers, or Dutch farmers, determined to kill them. There was at that time residing in his kraal a Mr. Owen, a missionary. For him Dingaan seems to have had much regard. And when he had determined to slay the sixty unsuspecting Boers, with their families, he kindly sent to Mr. Owen a message: "*Do not be frightened; I am only going to kill the Boers.*" A delightful savage, to be sure!

Says Mr. Owen:

> "Nearly opposite to my hut, and on the other side of my wagon, which hides it from my view, stood the blood-stained hill where all the executions at this fearful spot take place, and which was now destined to add so many more bleeding carcasses to the number of those which have already cried to Heaven for vengeance. 'There,' said some one, 'they are killing the Boers now!' I turned my eyes, and behold! an immense multitude on the hill! About nine or ten Zulus to each Boer were dragging their helpless unarmed victims to the fatal spot, where those eyes, which awaked this morning to see the cheerful light of day for the last time, are now closed in death. Two of the Boers paid me a visit this morning and breakfasted, only an hour or two before they were called into eternity. When I asked them what they thought of Dingaan, they said that 'he was good'—so unsuspicious were they of his intentions."

Panda succeeded Dingaan. He fell upon degenerate times. The British had taken possession of Natal, and their influence was all for peace among the tribes and peaceful trade. So Panda has lived in the heart of his own country, occasionally slaughtering a few hundreds to satisfy his reasonable cravings for blood, but generally confining himself to minor tyrannies, such as robbing his wealthier subjects, levying tribute upon his young men who go down to the white settlements to work, and keeping up about his kraal a sort of rude splendor, in which blood, and filth, moral and physical, are the predominating elements.

In 1854 it was estimated that there were at least 200,000 Zulus in the bounds of the Natal colony—which includes Zulu Land itself. Most of these lived in the bush a life half nomadic, half that of hunters. Numbers, however, congregated about the white settlements, and were found useful as house servants and laborers, working for a small sum, and generally proving exceedingly honest and trustworthy. Singularly enough, although finding themselves often far away from the residence of their king, the aforementioned Panda, and entirely without his jurisdiction, the Zulus never attempted to throw off his yoke, nor ever disobeyed his commands, even in so small a matter as purchasing beads. Part of this control over their actions he probably retained through the circumstance that those of his subjects who labored among the whites were almost invariably young men. These, when they had accumulated sufficient means to purchase a wife, always returned to the real Zulu district, north from Port Natal, and there served the king in his army till such time as he gave them leave to marry. After that they are tolerably independent, paying, however, always reasonable homage to Panda.

It was in 1853 that the writer of this sketch, having been wrecked in a Port Louis brig, coming to Natal for cattle, and finding himself without occupation ashore, determined to make a trip into the Zulu country and try to see Panda. The fact is, I had invested at Port Louis somewhat extensively, for a man with a small purse, in beads, the favorite ornament of the Zulus. I saved my venture from the wrecked brig; but found on exhibiting the beads at D'Urban (the city name of Port Natal) that they could not be profitably disposed of till Panda had seen them.

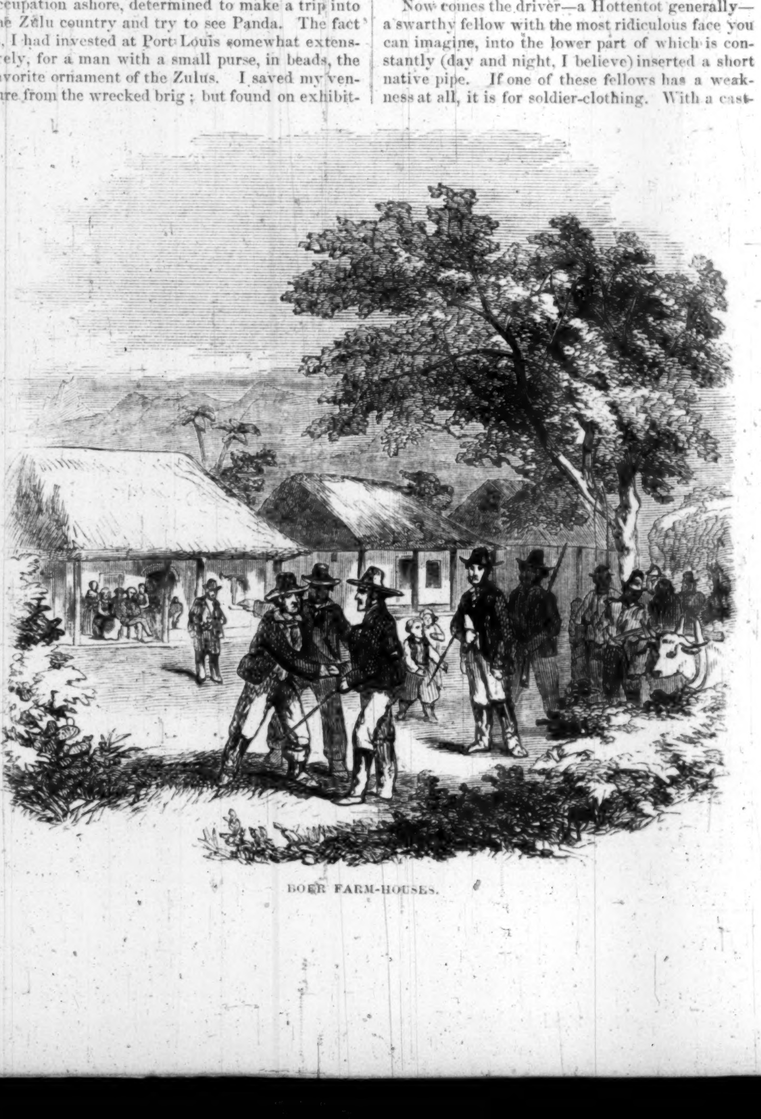
This colored individual lived about 240 miles due north from D'Urban, near the head of the Umslatoos River. There was a semi-occasional Boer trading expedition into the Amazula country; and Jacob at once suggested that we turn traders, purchase some powder, tobacco, etc., of our skipper, and join the first Boer train bound north.

Jacob, be it said, was a faithful Zulu fellow who had strayed off to the Mauritius, where he was starving when I was induced to take him into my service. He was violently attached to me, waited upon me diligently, lied and cheated for me habitually and distressingly, and would have hesitated at no greater crime which might, to his thoughts, have advantaged me, Simpson Bradley, otherwise "American John," his chosen master.

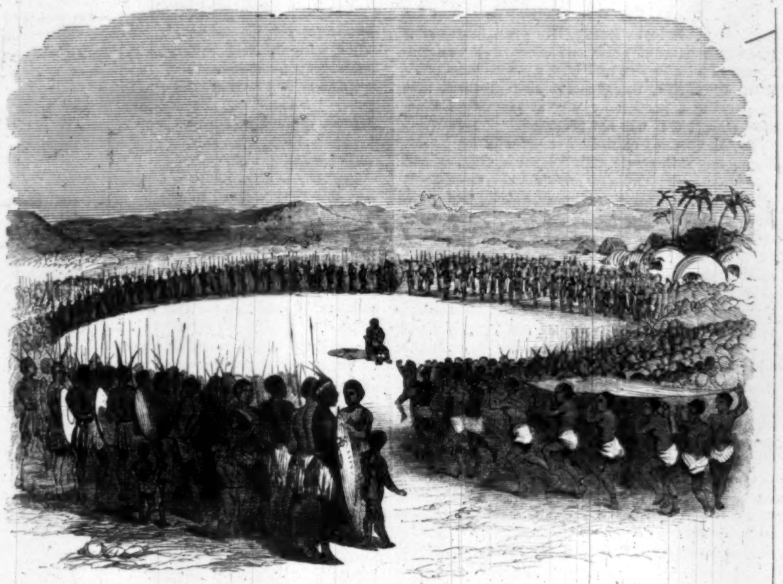
Accordingly I invested half my ready money in coarse calico, a keg of powder, and some minor articles; and prepared myself for a journey not without danger. Jacob meantime found a Boer train, about to start on a trading tour, and engaged wagon-room for a "great merchant, who was about to make a pleasure and exploring trip into the Zulu country, with the ultimate intention of setting up a large trading establishment in that region. This merchant, whose riches were inexhaustible, would make the fortunes of all who pleased him, by extending liberal credits and also by extending the trade very far into this as yet comparatively unexplored region to the northwest. At present, however, he desired to travel strictly *incognito*, and would take but a small quantity of goods with him, the proceeds of which would probably go altogether toward paying the expenses of the trip. He would take but one servant, himself (Jacob), and would in all things share alike with the Boers."

Having spoken these lies, Jacob made haste to impose upon me the necessity of acting them out. I was therefore left to smoke the cheroot of idleness, while my servant attended to the stowage of our venture. It was not till evening that I showed myself on the scene of operations. It being moonlight we were to start at sunset. I fancy one should not attempt to describe a Boer wagon in any language but the African-Dutch. I am sure common English is inadequate to convey to the uninitiated any correct idea of the ponderous, shapeless, unwieldy mass, called a wagon because set upon four wheels quite fine enough in make and trimming to take a prize in a wagon show. Two high wheels behind are connected by a pole with two low ones before. Upon the axles are placed first a platform of thick yellow-wood planks, twenty feet long, and fastened at either end with ox-hide thongs. Bars of the milk-wood are fastened in the axle, and to these bars long planks are secured which make the sides. These are always painted bright green. A box is placed across the fore-part. This belongs to the driver, and contains himself, his cow-hide boots, tobacco, pipes, spare rigging, clothes, and extra provisions for the journey. Along the sides thin bamboos are fixed at intervals of six inches. These are bent over on top till the opposing ends meet, and thus is formed a high lattice or frame extending the whole length of the wagon. Over this is spread first a layer of Kaffir matting and then a snow-white coverlet, which is fastened down by thongs of ox hide. Projecting from the fore axle is the "dissle boom," a pole terminating in a short cross-bar, to which the wheelers or first pair of oxen are fastened by their heads. From this bar extends a rope of buffalo hide fitted with similar cross-bars at intervals of nine feet, and long enough to accommodate fourteen yoke of oxen.

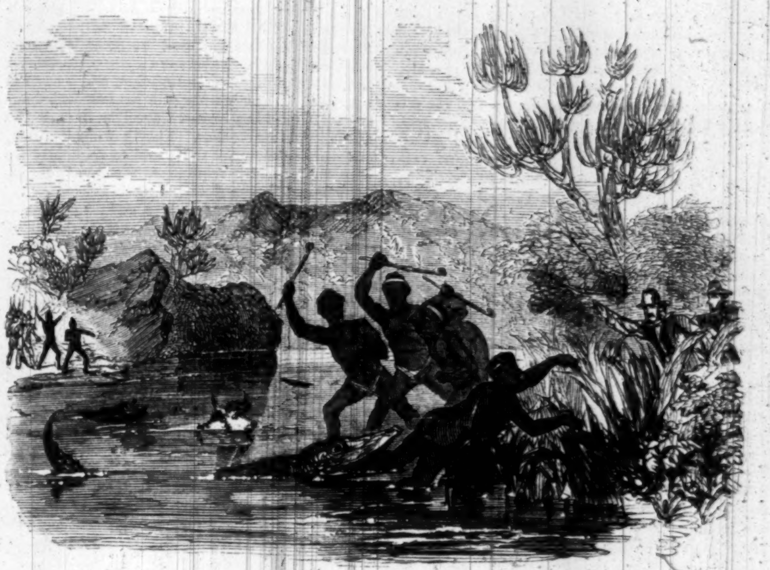
Now comes the driver—a Hottentot generally—a swarthy fellow with the most ridiculous face you can imagine, into the lower part of which is constantly (day and night, I believe) inserted a short native pipe. If one of these fellows has a weakness at all, it is for soldier-clothing. With a cast-



BOER FARM-HOUSES.



A ZULU WEDDING.



FORDING A SOUTH AFRICAN RIVER.

off uniform coat you might bribe a Hottentot man to do almost any thing, even to wash himself regularly (for a short time) and otherwise keep his body in a respectable condition. The driver has generally a soldier-coat, the result of much begging and numberless mean offices, and to wear this is the great delight of his life. He has a crownless felt hat, surrounded with a wreath of worn-out ostrich feathers, held together by means of a bright-colored cotton handkerchief. His lower man is encased in huge cow-hide boots, which protect him from the gigantic acacia thorn of this region. He wields a whip having a bamboo handle eighteen or nineteen feet long, to the farther extremity of which is attached a thong of rhinoceros hide twenty feet in length. To snap this whip requires both hands and considerable dexterity. The cracking can be heard sometimes three quarters of a mile off. Thus accoutred, this fellow either runs along beside his oxen, stands upon the foot-board, or sits on his box, urging on with discordant cries of "*Yeck! yeck!*" "*Pandeulah!*" "*Ar-neugh!*" the slow-moving team.

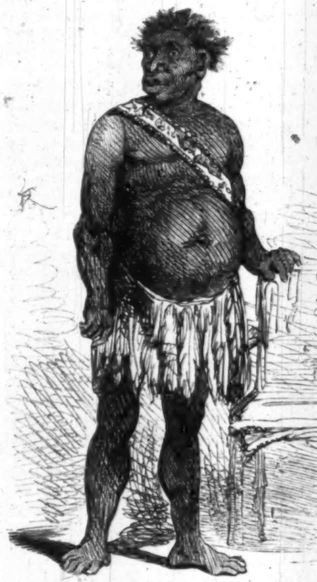
Our train consisted of four such wagons, containing provisions for the journey, and "trade" for Panda's people. The *attachés* were, first, an indefinite number of Zulus, in various stages of undress, but all armed with assegais and knobkirries; next, three Boer traders, the proprietors of the caravan; and, finally, a certain wealthy merchant, of whom sufficient mention has been already made. Each white man was armed with a tin kettle, two thick blankets, a fowling-piece (I had a rifle), a brace of pistols, and a relay of boots.

The first three days of our journey were very eventless—that is to say, an occasional track or "spoor" of lion, leopard, or elephant was thought little of so long as these animals did not molest us, and the frequent slaying of smaller game soon lost all charm of novelty.

On the third day we came to a river, the Umvoti (all the rivers are *Ums*). This being, on account of a recent rise, too deep for fording, we were obliged to ferry across—a process which involved a deal of labor. There was a ferry-boat for the accommodation of the Boers who have farms beyond this point. Our wagons were first taken to pieces. The contents were then borne over in small loads; then came various portions of the wagons; finally the oxen were swum across; and then the whites, with such of the natives as could not swim, passed over in the boat.

We had ferried nearly all day without seeing alligators, and toward evening the natives grew careless. One Zulu fellow bestrode an ox, driving two more before him. He had gotten to the middle of the stream when suddenly one of his loudest shouts was completed by a wild shriek of pain and fear. We had seen the oxen plunging about violently. They were being attacked by alligators; and one of these beasts had caught the poor Zulu by the leg. Of course all eyes were instantly fixed anxiously upon the unfortunate. As it appeared afterward, the alligator had fastened first upon his ankle. Letting go here, he had grasped the man's knee, and then his thigh. The horror-struck Zulu slipped from his seat on the ox into the water, fortunately, however, clinging to a raw-hide halter which hung loosely from the ox's neck.

The beast, meanwhile, swam lustily toward shore, the alligator all the time keeping hold upon the man's thigh. The men on the other side were standing upon the bank, endeavoring, by shouts, to frighten the monster from his prey, but afraid to venture into the water to their companion's assistance. He at length reached the shore, and clung exhausted to some weeds—the alligator still holding to his thigh—and men were actually obliged to beat the creature on the head with *knob-kirries* (heavy sticks) to make it let go its hold. We left the man at a neighboring village. His limb was terribly mangled; but, singularly enough, he finally recovered. We lost two fine oxen here. Both were attacked when nearly across; and, after a desperate struggle, were taken down stream. Their pitiful moans—vain appeals for help—touched the hearts of even the jabbering Zulus.

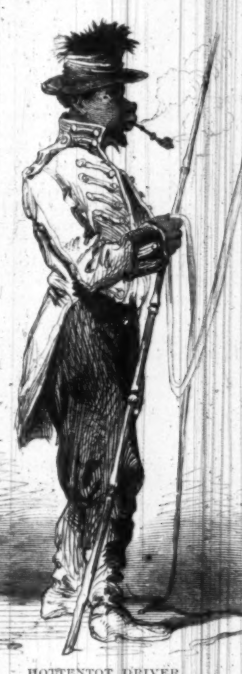


PANDA, THE ZULU KING.

Our route for the next day lay through a beautiful and fertile tract of country; that is to say, those portions of it which had been cleared and plowed were beyond doubt cultivated profitably. The woods were woods yet. When you got over a man's fence, or past his house, you launched at once into the wildest of African forests; and in these wilds we were continually on our guard against serpents and leopards, the two wood habitants most dangerous to travelers.

Toward evening we came to some cultivated ground, and presently to a house. It was a Boer farm, the very extreme outpost of Boer civilization, and here we were to stop for the night. Here I saw, for the first time, a real Boer household.

Fancy a row of rough but comfortable-looking cottages, each containing two rooms, each surrounded by a spacious veranda, and surmounted by a steep thatched roof. Fancy on one side of this row a garden containing perhaps sixteen acres—on the other side a cattle kraal, capable of sheltering 500 or 600 head of cattle. Fancy this entire space surrounded by a thrifty pomegranate hedge, which, being in full bloom, presented to the eye a surprisingly beautiful spectacle, the egg-shaped and egg-sized crimson flowers giving the hedge a most gorgeous appearance.



HOTTENTOT DRIVER.

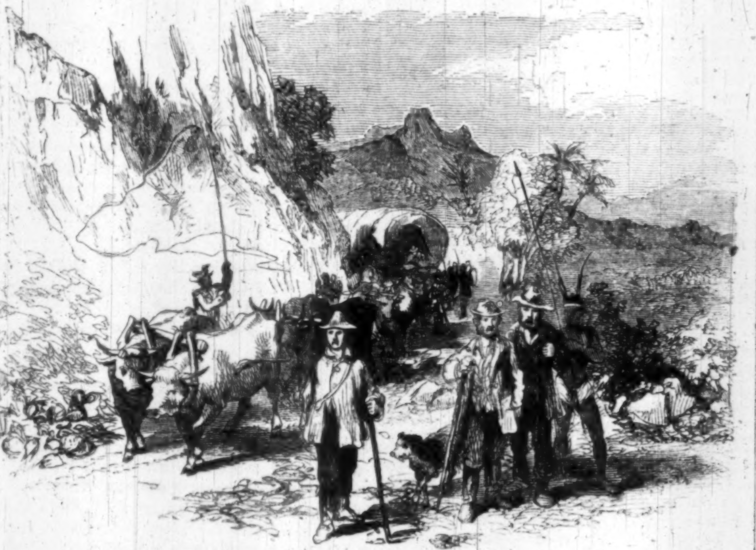
Upon the veranda of the largest cottage the Boer family were gathered awaiting our approach, which had been heralded for some time by the lusty shouts of our drivers. In the centre, upon a rude *sessel* or arm-chair, trimmed with a leopard's skin, sat the patriarch of the establishment. At his left sat his *goode vrow;* and on both sides, to the extremest verge of the porch, were gathered their sons and daughters, and grand and great-grandchildren—as may be supposed, of all sizes, from piccaninny Boers, grave and big-eyed, half a dozen of whom might have stowed themselves in one of their grandfather's boots, to full-grown men and women, tall, straight, comely, and honest-faced.

The young men advanced to welcome our Boers. The old folks rose at our approach, and expressed joy at seeing strangers. The young women, short-gowned and mostly barefooted, hurried hither and thither, in earnest preparation of supper for our company.

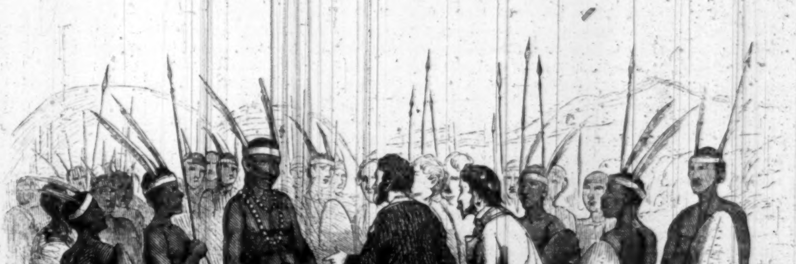
These people, like all backwoods farmers, are hospitable, to a fault. Every thing they possessed in the way of eatables was placed at our service; and we sat down, ere long, to an abundant supper of beef, game, onions, fried plantains, and various kinds of vegetables, with good native-grown coffee, and milk. Bread seemed to be the only thing of which there was not an abundance. Of grain there was plenty, but mills are scarce, and much of the meal used on these out-of-the-way farms is made in the ancient mortar-and-pestle way.

Of course there was not room in the cottages to accommodate our party. We camped out, as usual. And here I may as well give an account of our camp. We had four wagons. The oxen—this being a peaceful country—were outspanned, and turned out to feed. The wagons were drawn together by twos, with their after ends toward the centre. In this centre space our Zulus had kindled a large fire, by which they sat contentedly enough, eating rice from the iron pots in which it was cooked. Our quarters were under the hinder part of the wagons, where Jacob made me a snug place by hanging blankets around, by way of curtains. Here I lay, in the pleasant gleam of the firelight, till late at night, listening to the Zulus' yarns of Chaka, their only great man, and the theme of all their stories of heroism and valor. Chaka was, doubtless, a great military chieftain, as well as a monster of cruelty. Before his time the Zulus were an inconsiderable nation—not noted for either personal valor or national power. He forced them to become conquerors. He armed his soldiers with a short *assegai*, or spear, and forced them to engage the enemy hand to hand, instead of permitting them to dart from a distance and creep behind a shelter. Death was the punishment of him who left his weapon upon the battle-field. The site of Chaka's grave is kept a secret by the Zulus about Natal. It is carefully watched; and so proud are they of his renown, and so jealous of interference with his remains, that it is generally supposed to disturb the grave would inevitably cause a revolt. His memory is venerated among the tribes of Natal much as that of Napoleon in France. The Zulus tell immensely tough stories of his bravery, his ferocity, his power, and his skill.

Before starting, next morning, I took a walk



HOW WE TRAVELED IN SOUTH AFRICA.



A ROYAL RECEPTION.

about that very small portion of our host's farm which was in cultivation. He owned altogether 18,000 acres. Of these, 17,200 was still primitive forest. The cleared and plowed portion was rich land, on which almost every fruit or vegetable one could mention would thrive. I find the following list among some rough notes of this trip. The plants were, probably, jotted down just as they occurred on our walk: Arrowroot, ginger, cabbages, yams (three varieties of these), beetroots, onions, carrots, pine-apples, beans of all kinds that ever I ate, saw, or heard of; peas, sugar-cane, potatoes, sweet potatoes, peaches, lemons, oranges, pumpkins, quinces, custard apples, tomatoes, bananas, guavas, peppers, mulberries, grapes, lettuce, pomegranates, etc., etc., etc.

I had before this an idea that Boer farmers were rude and careless husbandmen. These people certainly used rude instruments, but they cultivated a great variety of fruits, grain, and vegetables. In the course of our walk we passed through a maize field—*mealies*, the Zulus call it—and saw a cotton field in full bloom. It might have been mistaken, in the early dawn, for a snow-clad field, had it not been for the bright yellow flowers of the unripe pods, and the deep green foliage of the plant itself. Before we left we saw the Zulu manner of plowing. It took three men to fully man a plow: one led the horse, a second walked behind to whip him, and the third guided the plow. On returning to the house, I was shown a genuine African trophy—the skin of an enormous serpent, sixteen feet long, which one of the young Boers had killed in the woods a short time before.

A Hottentot or Boer driver is, perhaps, the most intractable, phlegmatic, and, out of his precise line of ox-driving, intensely and provokingly stupid of mortals. He is never in a hurry. To each of the limited circle of duties in which his life is passed—eating, drinking, sleeping, *outspanning*, and *inspanning*—he devotes a most unreasonable space of time; seemingly determined to divide his life into a few regular periods, and never losing sight of that, to him, great and glorious fact, that "to-morrow is another day."

The *inspanning*, or gearing up of the ox-teams, was begun before daylight. Yet it was nearly nine o'clock before the drivers proclaimed all ready to proceed.

The next night found us encamped in the midst of the wildest woods I had yet seen. It was a hilly, broken tract of country. The road was almost impassable, even for the heavy ox-teams and well-built wagons of the Boers. To any other vehicle it would have been *impossible*. The drivers drove straight ahead, regardless of difficulties—now threatening sudden annihilation to oxen and wagons, by launching down an abrupt, almost perpendicular descent of many feet; now plunging into and driving along the rugged and uneven bed of some half-dried creek, at the bottom of the before-mentioned precipice; and anon, with fearful oaths, much whipping, and loud cries of "*Yeck! yeck!*" urging the thick-breathing beasts up an ascent as nearly perpendicular as was the last descent. The motive principle of the Boers seems to be that ingenious combination of natural forces known among seamen as "main strength and stupidness." A man of an ingenious turn of mind would be despised by these wearers of buffalo hide.

Among the many lies of my lying servant Jacob, that worthy had, for the novelty of the thing, I presume, introduced one truth: he had told the Boers and Zulus that his master, the merchant, was an American. And this accounted for much of the civility with which I was treated on this trip toward Zulu Land. Not that I think we Americans are favorites in Southern Africa; but the Boers hate an Englishman with a hatred so perfect, so natural, inborn, undisguised, and exhaustive, that I fancy they have nought but love and civility left for men of other nations. Our chief driver had an ox in his team, who, being stronger, lazier, and stupider than the rest, was the object of his most particular lashings and objurgatory remarks. This poor beast was called "England," and doubtless was the "scape" ox upon whose devoted back were visited the sins of all the British nation.

On the day after leaving the hospitable Dutch farmer, I noticed for the first time a most singular plant. The country about here was infested with ant-bears. These animals, in their underground pursuit of ants, caused numerous holes, which, being sometimes several feet deep, are dangerous to cattle or horses, causing them to stumble. The plant I speak of, a species of fern, is found almost invariably growing upon the edge of these holes, and scarcely ever any where else. So well known is this to the Boers, that when they travel on horseback they always turn the animal aside on catching sight of this fern. I fancied that even our oxen, old travelers, trod carefully when in the vicinity of one of these plants.

Two weeks after leaving the Boer farm we arrived at the kraal, or village, where Panda the Great held his court. Some of the natives who had accompanied us from D'Urban—subsisting I never knew how or upon what—on the day before our arrival, rushed off in advance, to proclaim to the king that a trader's caravan was coming; and that it was accompanied by an American chief, immensely wealthy. This merchant had, so said they, a whole ship-load of goods at Natal, and was now come to see the country, bringing along for Panda some beautiful beads.

We arrived at a village forming the advance post of Panda's place about dark. A Zulu village, or kraal, I should say, is an assemblage of low, thatched huts, arranged about a common or inclosure, which serves to give shelter to cattle, and from which kraal the entire place takes its name. Here we were received with loud shouts of "*Moloonga!*"—white man—and salutations of "*Sackaboni ungaan!*"—Good-day, Sir—from the men, or "*Bona warrah!*"—I recognize you—from the women. Comical Zulu diminutives swarmed out from the huts, and peeped slyly at us as we passed across the kraal.

The people were anxious to do us all possible honor. A hut had been prepared for us. Until that afternoon this had been the home of sundry calves and goats. These were easily dispossessed. Not so the millions of cockroaches, which seem to have been joint-occupants with the four-footed animals. Cow-dung, smeared over the floor, is the Zulu specific for roaches. They had applied this, however, indifferently well; and consequently we were but partially relieved of the roach-plague, and suffered besides from the roach-specific.

A due regard for our dignity and an approaching storm prevented us from passing the night out-doors. Accordingly four of us crawled on our hands and knees through the small opening which served as entrance to the hut. The interior was lit up by means of a torch. The floor was covered with two native rush-mats, clean, neatly made, and happily nearly impervious to the roach-specific on which they rested. Having already eaten our suppers, we spread our blankets, lay down, and immediately became prey to innumerable roaches, which crawled over us in all directions, and would doubtless have crawled into our mouths, noses, and ears, had we not prudently closed these apertures against their advances.

I stood it as long as I could; then, hiding my dignity beneath a blanket, crept out of the hut, and bestowed myself under a mimosa-tree, just upon the outside of the kraal. Here I rested comfortably—the threatened storm blowing over.

The following day we entered Nobamba, the residence of Panda. We were received at some distance from the town by a concourse of Panda's people shouting "*Bayete*," or welcome. Arrived at the kraal, we found a vast crowd assembled. The hum of their voices could be heard half a mile off. The wagons were outspanned a quarter of a mile from the kraal, and formed into a camp. Five of us—the traders and myself, with Jacob—then walked on, surrounded by an immense concourse of men, women, and children, who opened right and left, and made way for us to the entrance of the inclosure. I presume there were five or six thousand persons present, and I think the clothing of the entire company would have been dear at five dollars. In fact, they were very lightly dressed.

Entering the kraal, we were received by a company of Panda's soldiers, arrayed in full war-toilet of feathered head-dress, bead-work sash, loin-cloth, assegai, and bull's-hide shield, long and broad enough to cover the entire body. These doughty warriors ushered us at once into the presence of Panda, who sat in a sort of arm-chair, intended for a throne, at the head of the passage.

My Boer companion stated the object of our expedition, and his sable majesty was pleased to express his good-will and—after mention was made of some presents intended for himself—to grant his free permission to trade. My beads, however, he desired himself to examine.

Panda was a tall, stout man, a regular negro, having in excess every disgusting feature of the negro race, thick lips, flat nose, little tufts of wool sprouting out here and there on the lower part of his face, goggle eyes, and altogether such a countenance as would pass for a malignant caricature of humanity among civilized people. He was once a very savage fellow, and is even now much feared for his cruelty.

When this colored individual had done speaking, he motioned us to seats at his side, but lower down; and then about sixty dancing-girls advanced into the open space and began such an ungraceful shuffle as I had certainly never seen before. Each of these girls was dressed in a broad sash of Panda's beads, slung across the shoulder (some weighing thirty pounds at least), and sundry spots of white clay on nose, chin, and cheek.

Into the middle of this dance now rushed a company of *praisers*—fellows who shriek out at the top of their hideous voices eulogies of Panda the Great. To this noise were added shortly the shouts and cries, barks and squeals, of all the men, women, children, dogs, and pigs in the neighborhood; all together making such an outrageous noise, confusion, and smell, that I was content to shut my eyes, mouth, and nose, clap my hands to my ears, and thus get away in mind from the horrible din.

In the midst of all this Panda left us, as it afterward appeared, for the purpose of changing his toilet. His apartments, called the *isilgodhlo*, were separated by a rude fence from the central area where he received us. He presently looked over this fence. The royal features were hailed with deafening shouts of "*Wo-za*"—Come. After coquetting a little, dodging hither and thither, and grinning in a manner perfectly fearful to behold, he at length graciously condescended to cross the fence, and restore himself, dressed in a splendid full war-suit, to the arms of his subjects.

There was now a slight attempt at a sham battle, followed by a pantomime, in which the most celebrated warriors issued forth singly, and showed by various motions the manner in which each had first gained renown. Some of these were well received by the crowd, and their mimic stabs, feints, and attacks, loudly applauded. Others were chilled by silence, and slunk back into the ranks abashed. It seemed a kind of democratic way of settling the claims of these sable warriors to an immortality of Zulu fame.

Finally, Panda publicly gave leave to two regiments of his young men to *marry*, presented us with a sheep for luncheon, and dismissed the noisy assemblage.

We were then invited to pay our respects to the Queen. This lady met us at the entrance of her hut, wrapped in a blue blanket, and her neck and arms ornamented with quite a profusion of beads. She invited me to enter, and I accordingly got on my hands and knees and crept into the unutterable darkness of the hut. When I was able to see, I found myself surrounded by warriors and counselors, who had crept in, probably, to partake of the *utyala* (a Zulu beverage), which was presently brought in by one of the Queen's maids of honor, a tawny damsel clad in a nose ring and a string of beads.

Utyala is a kind of beer, made of *mealies* or Indian corn. It looks frothy, like yeast, and tastes like equal parts of yeast and cider. It was contained in a large pot, and was handed round in a ladle, or dipper, the greatest chief present first swallowing a portion by way of assuring the assemblage that it was not poisoned.

To the Queen I exhibited samples of my beads. Her ebony skin shone with delight at the gay and novel patterns; and she immediately rushed out of the tent, on hands and knees, bearing my sample-box between her teeth, and looking more like an antiquated monkey than the Queen of the most powerful King in Southern Africa. The King was called. After examining my wares he was pleased to signify his approbation of the same by an immediate confiscation of the sample-box to his individual use. I had prepared myself for this; and having received again his permission for unlimited trade, hastened off, to prevent further levies by bead-loving men and women in power.

On our way down to our own camp this evening, we came across a curious piece of native mechanism—a leopard trap. It was formed of three strong hurdles. Two of these were fixed upright to sticks driven into the ground. The third, which was much longer and stronger than the others, was supported in a slanting position between the two upright ones, and heavily loaded with massive blocks of stone, so arranged as to fall and crush the animal the moment he touched a piece of beef fixed beneath as bait.

The following day was devoted to trade. I found that my beads brought good prices, but in a kind of trade for which I personally had no use, viz., lion and leopard skins, ivory (which was scarce), and hides. These articles, however, my Boer friends gladly took off my hands, and I had therefore little to do but barter and look around.

The second day after our arrival our entire party was invited to a wedding. A renowned warrior, one of Panda's favorites, was about to marry his *twenty-fifth* wife, and the event was to be made the occasion of great rejoicing.

We arrived upon the scene of action at an early hour. The cattle had been driven out of the kraal, as on the day of our reception. A large circle was formed of old women, with children in their arms. Ranged within this circle was a body of Zulu warriors fully armed, and so placed as to leave the centre of the circle an open space. At one extreme of this vacancy sat, on a raised seat, the *umdodi*, or bridegroom—a hale, stout negro of perhaps fifty-six years of age. We as visitors were seated near the *umdodi*. All was noise and bustle. Presently a shrill chant resounded across the valley, and immediately thereafter a long train of lightly-dressed charcoal-colored maidens made their appearance at the entrance to the kraal. They stood motionless and silent till a messenger from the *umdodi* bade them enter. Then the youngest led the way into the circle, the bride, surrounded by a bevy of her companions, entering last.

When all were gathered within, they formed a double chain about the bride and struck up a dance to a dolorously lively air. Hereupon the whole body of warriors beforementioned rushed at the maidens with horrid yells, beating their shields, and making most hostile demonstrations. I thought for the moment something had gone wrong, and that there was to be a row. My *Colt* was already in my hand, when I noticed that the maidens received these warlike advances very affably, and united with the men in cutting the wildest capers.

The dancing and capering lasted three quarters of an hour. Then *utyala* was served round, and thereafter the bride, blushing even through her blackness, was led into the circle, and obliged to turn slowly about till she recognized her lover. Bowing to him, she advanced leisurely, and began to dance and sing before him, to the intense delight of all the assembled wedding guests. She continued this rather violent exercise until great drops of perspiration stood upon her face. These she scraped off ever and anon with a wooden instrument shaped like a carving-knife, which she brandished in her right hand. This wooden carving-knife is, in point of fact, the pocket-handkerchief of the Zulu. With this he removes from his face and hands all stains of whatever kind by a scraping operation rather sickening to a civilized taste.

It was already late before this portion of the ceremony was through. We had seen all of importance, and had no appetite for the ox which stood without waiting to be roasted whole. We therefore withdrew from the festive scene—I with an old bachelor's grin at the thought that even here, among these savages, it was "a troublesome thing to be married." Our friend's twenty-four other wives, I should mention, did not appear, because they were resident in another part of the country.

Our friend's establishment was by no means an extensive one. Panda himself assured the present writer that he had no less than 118 wives and 75 children—quite a family even for a king. All his subordinate chiefs had large establishments, although none, I think, equal to Panda's. In this country the women work, while the men smoke, snuff, and fight. It is, therefore, rather a fine thing for a lazy Zulu fellow to have twenty-five or thirty hale, hearty women to cultivate his *mealies* and his household affections. The only drawback to this enjoyment arises from the fact that it is necessary to *pay* for a wife, from twelve to five hundred head of cattle being the usual price. A Zulu woman would consider herself slighted did she think that, by any species of private cheating between husband and father-in-law, her market-value had not been paid over and received.

I did not inquire whether Panda, too, was obliged to pay for his wives. I presume, however, that he obtained these as he did his soldiers. The following is his ingenious plan for recruiting his army: He compels each family under his rule to furnish all the grown men for military service once in three years. This duty lasts a month, during which they are fed upon the herds of such of his subjects as have in the interim grown too rich and prosperous for his majesty's liking. These are called with the rest, and on arriving have their heads very unceremoniously twisted, being thus saved from any farther care concerning their property. I understood, indeed, that the wives and children of these prosperous unfortunates were distributed among the chiefs—and doubtless Panda takes care to get his share.

Our stay in Zulu Land was necessarily short. A very few days sufficed to dispose of all the goods for which the Zulus had available equivalents to give; and their manners were so rude, their very kindnesses to us so ineffably disgusting, that I felt no inclination to go farther in my explorations than the necessities of trade carried me. I saw sufficient to convince me that no tale of savage life I had ever read could vie with the loathsome realities of Zulu Land; and I returned to Natal, little caring to repeat my trip to the territory of the savagest monarch of all South Africa.

THE DEAD SECRET.

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-FIRST. THE MYRTLE ROOM.

A BROAD, square window, with small panes and dark sashes; dreary, yellow light, glimmering through the dirt of half a century, crusted on the glass; purer rays striking across the dimness through the fissures of three broken panes; dust floating upward, pouring downward, rolling smoothly round and round in the still atmosphere; lofty, bare, faded red walls; chairs in confusion, tables placed awry; a tall, black bookcase, with an open door half dropping from its hinges; a pedestal, with a broken bust lying in fragments at its feet; a ceiling darkened by stains, a floor whitened by dust; such was the aspect of the Myrtle Room when Rosamond first entered it, leading her husband by the hand.

After passing the door-way, she slowly advanced a few steps, and then stopped, waiting, with every sense on the watch, with every faculty strung up to the highest pitch of expectation—waiting, in the ominous stillness, in the forlorn solitude, for the vague Something which the room might contain, which might rise visibly before her, which might sound audibly behind her, which might touch her on a sudden from above, from below, from either side. A minute or more she breathlessly waited, and nothing appeared, nothing sounded, nothing touched her. The silence and the solitude had their secret to keep, and kept it.

She looked round at her husband. His face, so quiet and composed at other times, expressed doubt and uneasiness now. His disengaged hand was outstretched, and moving backward and forward, and up and down, in the vain attempt to touch something which might enable him to guess at the position in which he was placed. His look and action, as he stood in that new and strange sphere, the mute appeal that he made so sadly and so unconsciously to his wife's loving help, restored Rosamond's self-possession by recalling her heart to the dearest of all its interests, to the holiest of all its cares. Her eyes, fixed so distrustfully but the moment before on the dreary spectacle of neglect and ruin which spread around them, turned fondly to her husband's face, radiant with the unfathomable brightness of pity and love. She bent quickly across him, caught his outstretched arm, and pressed it to his side.

"Don't do that, darling," she said, gently; "I don't like to see it. It looks as if you had forgotten that I was with you—as if you were left alone and helpless. What need have you of your sense of touch when you have got me? Did you hear me open the door, Lenny? Do you know that we are in the Myrtle Room?"

"What did you see, Rosamond, when you opened the door? What do you see now?" He asked those questions rapidly and eagerly, in a whisper.

"Nothing but dust, and dirt, and desolation. The loneliest moor in Cornwall is not so lonely-looking as this room; but there is nothing to alarm us, nothing (except one's own fancy) that suggests an idea of danger of any kind."

"What made you so long before you spoke to me, Rosamond?"

"I was frightened, love, on first entering the room—not at what I saw, but at my own fanciful ideas of what I might see. I was child enough to be afraid of something starting out of the walls, or of something rising through the floor; in short, of I hardly know what. I have got over those fears, Lenny, but a certain distrust of the room still clings to me. Do you feel it?"

"I feel something like it," he replied, uneasily. "I feel as if the night that is always before my eyes was darker to me in this place than in any other. Where are we standing now?"

"Just inside the door."

"Does the floor look safe to walk on?" He tried it suspiciously with his foot as he put the question.

"Quite safe," replied Rosamond. "It would never support the furniture that is on it, if it was so rotten as to be dangerous. Come across the room with me, and try it." With those words she led him slowly to the window.

"The air seems as if it was nearer to me," he said, bending his face forward toward the lowest of the broken panes. "What is before us now?"

She told him, describing minutely the size and appearance of the window. He turned from it carelessly, as if that part of the room had no interest for him. Rosamond still lingered near the window to try if she could feel a breath of the outer atmosphere. There was a momentary silence, which was broken by her husband.

"What are you doing now?" he asked, anxiously.

"I am looking out at one of the broken panes of glass, and trying to get some air," answered Rosamond. "The shadow of the house is below me, resting on the lonely garden; but there is no coolness breathing up from it. I see the tall weeds rising straight and still, and the tangled wild-flowers interlacing themselves heavily. There is a tree near me, and the leaves look as if they were all struck motionless. Away to the left there is a peep of white sea and tawny sand quivering in the yellow heat. There are no clouds; there is no blue sky. The mist quenches the brightness of the sunlight, and lets nothing but the fire of it through. There is something threatening in the sky, and the earth seems to know it!"

"But the room! the room!" said Leonard, drawing her aside from the window. "Never mind the view; tell me what the room is like—exactly what it is like. I shall not feel easy about you, Rosamond, if you don't describe every thing to me just as it is."

"My darling! You know you can depend on my describing every thing. I am only doubting where to begin, and how to make sure of seeing for you what you are likely to think most worth looking at. Here is an old ottoman against the wall—the wall where the window is. I will take off my apron and dust the seat for you, and then you can sit down and listen comfortably while I tell you, before we think of any thing else, what the room is like, to begin with. First of all, I suppose, I must make you understand how large it is?"

"Yes, that is the first thing. Try if you can compare it with any room that I was familiar with before I lost my sight."

Rosamond looked backward and forward, from wall to wall, then went to the fire-place, and walked slowly down the length of the room, counting her steps. Pacing over the dusty floor with a dainty regularity and a childish satisfaction in looking down at the gay pink rosettes on her morning-shoes; holding up her crisp, bright muslin dress out of the dirt, and showing the fanciful embroidery of her petticoat, and the glossy stockings that fitted her little feet and ankles like a second skin, she moved through the dreariness, the desolation, the dingy ruin of the scene around her—the most charming living contrast to its dead gloom that youth, health, and beauty could present.

Arrived at the bottom of the room, she reflected a little, and said to her husband,

"Do you remember the blue drawing-room, Lenny, in your father's house at Long Beckley? I think this room is quite as large, if not larger?"

"What are the walls like?" asked Leonard, placing his hand on the wall behind him while he spoke. "They are covered with paper, are they not?"

"Yes, with faded red paper, except on one side, where strips have been torn off and thrown on the floor. There is wainscoting round the walls. It is cracked in many places, and has ragged holes in it, which seem to have been made by the rats and mice."

"Are there any pictures on the walls?"

"No. There is an empty frame over the fire-place. And opposite—I mean just above where I am standing now—there is a small mirror, cracked in the centre, with broken branches for candlesticks projecting on either side of it. Above that, again, there is a stag's head and antlers; some of the face has dropped away, and a perfect maze of cobwebs is stretched between the horns. On the other walls there are large nails, with more cobwebs hanging down from them, heavy with dirt; but no pictures any where. Now you know every thing about the walls. What is the next thing? The floor?"

"I think, Rosamond, my feet have told me already what the floor is like."

"They may have told you that it is bare, dear, but I can tell you more than that. It slopes down from every side toward the middle of the room. It is covered thick with dust, which is swept about—I suppose by the wind blowing through the broken panes—into strange wavy, feathery shapes that quite hide the floor beneath. Lenny! suppose these boards should be made to take up any where! If we discover nothing to-day, we will have them swept tomorrow. In the mean time, I must go on telling you about the room, must I not? You know already what the size of it is, what the window is like, what the walls are like, what the floor is like. Is there any thing else before we come to the furniture? Oh, yes! the ceiling, for that completes the shell of the room. I can't see much of it, it is so high. There are great cracks and stains from one end to the other, and the plaster has come away in patches in some places. The centre ornament seems to be made of alternate rows of small plaster cabbages and large plaster lozenges. Two bits of chain hang down from the middle, which, I suppose, once held a chandelier. The cornice is so dingy that I can hardly tell what pattern it represents. It is very broad and heavy, and it looks in some places as if it had once been colored, and that is all I can say about it. Do you feel as if you thoroughly understood the whole room now, Lenny?"

"Thoroughly, my love. I have the same clear picture of it in my mind which you always give me of every thing you see. You need waste no more time on me. We may now devote ourselves to the purpose for which we came here."

At those last words, the smile which had been dawning on Rosamond's face when her husband addressed her, vanished from it in a moment. She stole close to his side, and bending down over him, with her arm on his shoulder, said, in low, whispering tones,

"When we had the other room opened, opposite the landing, we began by examining the furniture. We thought—if you remember—that the mystery of the Myrtle Room might be connected with hidden valuables that had been stolen, or hidden papers that ought to have been destroyed, or hidden stains and traces of some crime, which even a chair or a table might betray. Shall we examine the furniture here?"

"Is there much of it, Rosamond?"

"More than there was in the other room," she answered.

"More than you can examine in one morning?"

"No, I think not."

"Then begin with the furniture, if you have no better plan to propose. I am but a helpless adviser at such a crisis as this. I must leave the responsibilities of decision, after all, to rest on your shoulders. Yours are the eyes that look, and the hands that search; and if the secret of Mrs. Jazeph's reason for warning you against entering this room is to be found by seeking in the room, *you* will find it—"

"And you will know it, Lenny, as soon as it is found. I won't hear you talk, love, as if there was any difference between us, or any superiority in my position over yours. Now, let me see. What shall I begin with? The tall bookcase opposite the window, or the dingy old writing-table in the recess behind the fire-place? Those are the two largest pieces of furniture that I can see in the room."

"Begin with the bookcase, my dear, as you seem to have noticed that first."

Rosamond advanced a few steps toward the bookcase, then stopped and looked aside suddenly to the lower end of the room.

"Lenny! I forgot one thing when I was telling you about the walls," she said. "There are two doors in the room besides the door we came in at. They are both in the wall to the right, as I stand now with my back to the window. Each is at the same distance from the corner, and each is of the same size and appearance. Don't you think we ought to open them, and see where they lead to?"

"Certainly. But are the keys in the locks?"

Rosamond approached more closely to the doors, and answered in the affirmative.

"Open them, then," said Leonard. "Stop! Not by yourself. Take me with you. I don't like the idea of sitting here, and leaving you to open those doors by yourself."

Rosamond retraced her steps to the place where he was sitting, and then led him with her to the door that was farthest from the window. "Suppose there should be some dreadful sight behind it!" she said, trembling a little, as she stretched out her hand toward the key.

"Try to suppose (what is much more probable) that it only leads into another room," suggested Leonard.

Rosamond threw the door wide open suddenly. Her husband was right; it merely led into the next room.

They passed on to the second door. "Can this one serve the same purpose as the other?" said Rosamond, slowly and distrustfully turning the key.

She opened it as she had opened the first door, put her head inside it for an instant, drew back shuddering, and closed it again violently, with a faint exclamation of disgust. "Don't be alarmed, Lenny," she said, leading him away abruptly. "The door only opens on a large empty cupboard. But there are quantities of horrible, crawling, brown creatures about the wall inside. I have shut them in again in their darkness and their secrecy. And now I am going to take you back to your seat, before we find out, next, what the bookcase contains."

The door of the upper part of the bookcase hanging open and half dropping from its hinges showed the emptiness of the shelves on one side at a glance. The corresponding door, when Rosamond pulled it open, disclosed exactly the same spectacle of bareness on the other side. Over every shelf there spread the same dreary accumulation of dust and dirt, without a vestige of a book, without even a stray scrap of paper, lying any where in a corner to attract the eye, from top to bottom.

The lower portion of the bookcase was divided into three cupboards. In the door of one of the three, the rusty key remained in the lock. Rosamond turned it with some difficulty, and looked into the cupboard. At the back of it were scattered a pack of playing-cards, brown with dirt. A morsel of torn, tangled muslin lay among them, which, when Rosamond spread it out, proved to be the remains of a clergyman's band. In one corner she found a broken cork-screw and the winch of a fishing-rod; in another, some stumps of tobacco-pipes, a few old medicine bottles, and a dog's-eared peddler's song-book. These were all the objects that the cupboard contained. After Rosamond had scrupulously described each of them to her husband, just as she found it, she went on to the second cupboard. On trying the door, it turned out not to be locked. On looking inside, she discovered nothing but some pieces of blackened cotton-wool and the remains of a jeweler's packing-case.

The third door was locked, but the rusty key from the first cupboard opened it. Inside, there was but one object—a small wooden box, banded round with a piece of tape, the two edges of which were fastened together by a seal. Rosamond's flagging interest rallied instantly at this discovery. She described the box to her husband, and asked if he thought she was justified in breaking the seal?

"Can you see any thing written on the cover?" he inquired.

Rosamond carried the box to the window, blew the dust off the top of it, and read, on a parchment label nailed to the cover, PAPERS. JOHN ARTHUR TREVERTON. 1760.

"I think you may take the responsibility of breaking the seal," said Leonard. "If those papers had been of any family importance, they could scarcely have been left forgotten in an old bookcase by your father and his executors."

Rosamond broke the seal, then looked up doubtfully at her husband before she opened the box. "It seems a mere waste of time to look into this," she said. "How can a box that has not been opened since seventeen hundred and sixty help us to discover the mystery of Mrs. Jazeph and the Myrtle Room?"

"But do we know that it has not been opened since then?" said Leonard. "Might not the tape and seal have been put round it by any body at some more recent period of time? You can judge best, because you can see if there is any inscription on the tape, or any signs to form an opinion by upon the seal."

"The seal is a blank, Lenny, except that it has a flower like a forget-me-not in the middle. I can see no mark of a pen on either side of the tape. Any body in the world might have opened the box before me," she continued, forcing up the lid easily with her hands, "for the lock is no protection to it. The wood of the cover is so rotten that I have pulled the staple out, and left it sticking by itself in the lock below."

On examination the box proved to be full of papers. At the top of the uppermost packet were written these words: "Election expenses. I won by four votes. Price fifty pounds each. J. A. Treverton." The next layer of papers had no inscription. Rosamond opened them, and read on the first leaf, "Birth-day Ode. Respectfully addressed to the Mæcenas of modern times in his poetic retirement at Porthgenna." Below this production appeared a collection of old bills, old notes of invitation, old doctor's prescriptions, and old leaves of betting books, tied together with a piece of whipcord. Last of all, there lay on the bottom of the box one thin leaf of paper, the visible side of which presented a perfect blank. Rosamond took it up, turned it to look at the other side, and saw some faint ink lines crossing each other in various directions, and having letters of the alphabet attached to them in certain places. She had made her husband acquainted with the contents of all the other papers, as a matter of course; and when she had described this last paper to him, he explained to her that the lines and letters represented a mathematical problem.

"The bookcase tells us nothing," said Rosamond, slowly putting the papers back in the box. "Shall we try the writing-table by the fire-place next?"

"What does it look like, Rosamond?"

"It has two rows of drawers down each side; and the whole top is made in an odd, old-fashioned way to slope upward, like a very large writing-desk."

"Does the top open?"

Rosamond went to the table, examined it narrowly, and then tried to raise the top. "It is made to open, for I see the keyhole," she said. "But it is locked. And all the drawers," she continued, trying them one after another, "are locked too."

"Is there no key in any of them?" asked Leonard.

"Not a sign of one. But the top feels so loose that I really think it might be forced open—as I forced the little box open just now—by a pair of stronger hands than I can boast of. Let me take you to the table, dear; it may give way to your strength, though it will not to mine."

She placed her husband's hands carefully under the ledge formed by the overhanging top of the table. He exerted his whole strength to force it up; but, in this case, the wood was sound, the lock held, and all his efforts were in vain.

"Must we send for a locksmith?" asked Rosamond, with a look of disappointment.

"If the table is of any value, we must," returned her husband. "If not, a screw-driver and a hammer will open both the top and the drawers, in any body's hands."

"In that case, Lenny, I wish we had brought them with us when we came into the room; for the only value of the table lies in the secrets that it may be hiding from us. I shall not feel satisfied until you and I know what there is inside of it."

While saying these words she took her husband's hand to lead him back to his seat. As they passed before the fire-place he stepped upon the bare stone hearth; and feeling some new substance under his feet, instinctively stretched out the hand that was free. It touched a marble tablet, with figures on it in basso-relievo, which had been let into the middle of the chimney-piece. He stopped immediately, and asked what the object was that his fingers had accidentally touched.

"A piece of sculpture," said Rosamond. "I did not notice it before. It is not very large, and not particularly attractive, according to my taste. So far as I can tell, it seems to be intended to represent—"

Leonard stopped her before she could say any more. "Let me try, for once, if I can't make a discovery for myself," he said, a little impatiently. "Let me try if my fingers won't tell me what this sculpture is meant to represent."

He passed his hands carefully over the basso-relievo (Rosamond watching their slightest movement with silent interest, the while), considered a little, and said:

"Is there not a figure of a man sitting down, in the right-hand corner? And are there not rocks and trees, very stiffly done, high up, at the left-hand side?"

Rosamond looked at him tenderly and smiled. "My poor dear!" she said. "Your man sitting down is, in reality, a miniature copy of the famous ancient statue of Niobe and her child; your rocks are marble imitations of clouds, and your stiffly-done trees are arrows darting out from some invisible Jupiter or Apollo, or other heathen god. Ah, Lenny, Lenny! you can't trust your touch, love, as you can trust *me!*"

A momentary shade of vexation passed across his face; but it vanished the instant she took his hand again to lead him back to his seat. He drew her to him gently, and kissed her cheek. "You are right, Rosamond," he said. "The one faithful friend to me in my blindness, who never fails, is my wife."

Seeing him look a little saddened, and feeling, with the quick intuition of a woman's affection, that he was thinking of the days when he had enjoyed the blessing of sight, Rosamond returned abruptly, as soon as she saw him seated once more on the ottoman, to the subject of the Myrtle Room.

"Where shall I look next, dear?" she said. "The bookcase we have examined. The writing-table we must wait to examine. What else is there that has a cupboard or a drawer in it?" She looked round her in perplexity; then walked away toward the part of the room to which her attention had been last drawn—the part where the fire-place was situated.

"I thought I noticed something here, Lenny, when I passed just now with you," she said, approaching the second recess behind the mantle-piece, corresponding with the recess in which the writing-table stood.

She looked into the place closely, and detected in the corner, darkened by the shadow of the heavy projecting mantle-piece, a narrow, rickety little table, made of the commonest mahogany—the frailest, poorest, least conspicuous piece of furniture in the whole room. She pushed it out contemptuously into the light with her foot. It ran on clumsy old-fashioned castors, and creaked wearily as it moved.

"Lenny, I have found another table," said Rosamond. "A miserable, forlorn-looking little thing lost in a corner. I have just pushed it into the light, and I have discovered one drawer in it." She paused, and tried to open the drawer; but it resisted her. "Another lock!" she exclaimed impatiently. "Even this wretched thing is closed against us!"

She pushed the table sharply away with her hand. It swayed on its frail legs, tottered, and fell over on the floor—fell as heavily as a table of twice its size—fell with a shock that rang through the room, and repeated itself again and again in the echoes of the lonesome north hall.

Rosamond ran to her husband, seeing him start from his seat in alarm, and told him what had happened. "You called it a little table," he replied, in astonishment. "It fell like one of the largest pieces of furniture in the room!"

"Surely there must have been something heavy in the drawer!" said Rosamond, approaching the table with her spirits still fluttered by the shock of its unnaturally heavy fall. After waiting for a few moments to give the dust which it had raised, and which still hung over it in thick, lazy clouds, time to disperse, she stooped down and examined it. It was cracked across the top from end to end, and the lock had been broken away from its fastenings by the fall.

She set the table up again carefully, drew out the drawer, and, after a glance at its contents, turned to her husband. "I knew it," she said. "I knew there must have been something heavy in the drawer. It is full of pieces of copper ore, like those specimens of my father's, Lenny, from Porthgenna mine? Wait! I think I feel something else, as far away at the back here as my hand can reach."

She extricated from the lumps of ore at the back of the drawer, a small circular picture-frame of black wood, about the size of an ordinary hand-glass. It came out with the front part downward, and with the area which its circle inclosed filled up by a thin piece of wood, of the sort which is used at the backs of small frames to keep drawings and engravings steady in them. This piece of wood (only secured to the back of the frame by one nail) had been forced out of its place, probably by the overthrow of the table; and when Rosamond took the frame out of the drawer, she observed between it and the dislodged piece of wood the end of a morsel of paper, apparently folded many times over, so as to occupy the smallest possible space. She drew out the piece of paper, laid it aside on the table without unfolding it, replaced the piece of wood in its proper position, and then turned the frame round, to see if there was a picture in front.

There was a picture—a picture painted in oils, darkened, but not much faded, by age. It represented the head of a woman, and the figure, as far as the bosom.

The instant Rosamond's eyes fell on it she shuddered, and hurriedly advanced toward her husband with the picture in her hand.

"Well, what have you found now?" he inquired, hearing her approach.

"A picture," she answered faintly, stopping to look at it again.

Leonard's sensitive ear detected a change in her voice. "Is there any thing that alarms you in the picture?" he asked, half in jest, half in earnest.

"There is something that startles me—something that seems to have turned me cold, for the moment, hot as the day is," said Rosamond. "Do you remember the description the servant-girl gave us, on the night when we arrived here, of the ghost of the north rooms?"

"Yes, I remember it perfectly."

"Lenny! that description and this picture are exactly alike! Here is the curling light-brown hair. Here is the dimple on each cheek. Here are the bright regular teeth. Here is that leering, wicked, fatal beauty which the girl tried to describe, and did describe, when she said it was awful!"

Leonard smiled. "That vivid fancy of yours, my dear, takes strange flights sometimes," he said, quietly.

"Fancy!" repeated Rosamond to herself, "How can it be fancy when I see the face? how can it be fancy when I feel—" She stopped, shuddered again, and, returning hastily to the table, placed the picture on it, face downward. As she did so, the morsel of folded paper which she had removed from the back of the frame caught her eye.

"There may be some account of the picture in this," she said, and stretched out her hand to it.

It was getting on toward noon. The heat weighed heavier on the air, and the stillness of all things was more intense than ever, as she took up the paper from the table and opened it.

OLD MAIDS.

IN the neatest handwriting, the very pink of propriety in all its appointments, comes a modest note containing these lines, which we are warned to print under peril of the displeasure of "AN OLD MAID." We hasten to do our duty.

Fools still may raise the laugh
At those who better are by half,
For surely none but fools could laugh
At good old maids.

What cause for scorn is in the state
Of those who ne'er have found a mate,
Or have been robbed of him by fate?
The poor old maids.

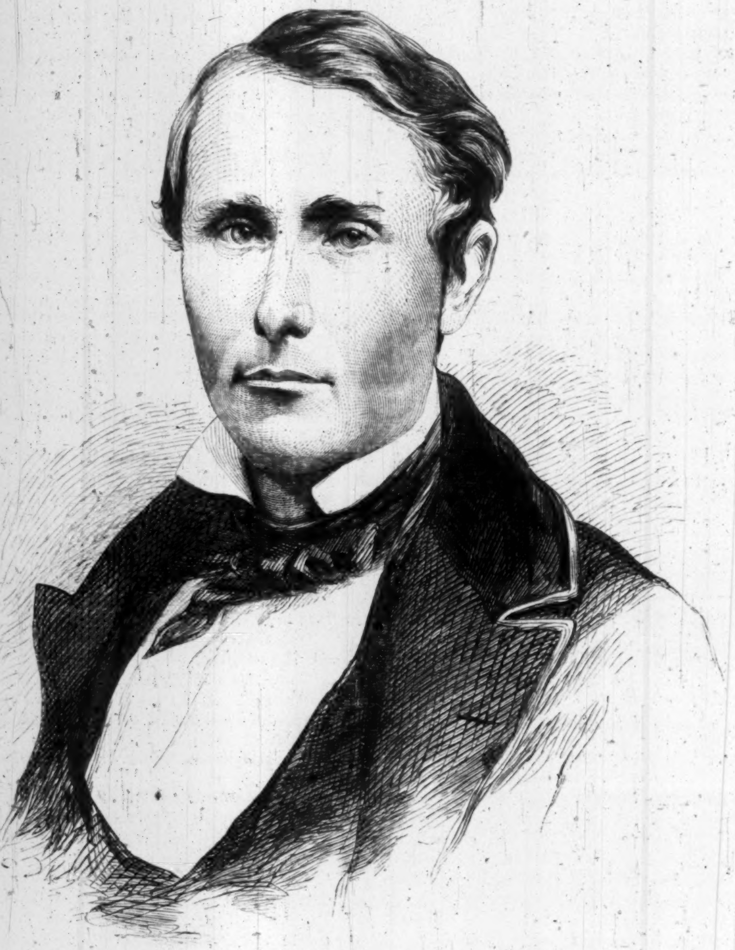
Perhaps they've many offers had,
And some were good, and some were bad;
But they dislike to marriage had,
The dear old maids.

Perhaps they may have lost a lover,
And never could his loss recover;
But rather than to wed another
Would die old maids.

Some spend their lives in good to others,
Feel for the poor as suff'ring brothers,
And to the orphan act as mothers,
The blest old maids.

It is not hard for us to guess
Why men on them do crack their jests;
In truth 'tis for their interest
To scorn old maids;

That girls might hold it still in fear,
Thinking that then they would not dare
Refuse them, lest they too would bear
The name, OLD MAIDS.



GEN. WILLIAM WALKER, OF NICARAGUA.—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MEADE BROTHERS.]

THE NICARAGUAN LEADERS.

THE portraits which accompany these lines are those of men whose names are familiar to every one. Those who hold them in least esteem must admit that they have filled a large space in the public eye, and that they will necessarily occupy a conspicuous page in history.

Two of them—Captain Farnum and General Wheat—have not filled positions of so high responsibility as to render their career very important; but the other two—Walker and Henningsen—are men of decided mark.

General William Walker is certainly one of the most remarkable men of the age. Macaulay somewhere remarks that one of the chief proofs of the wisdom of the Roman Catholic Church is the tact with which it has conciliated and rendered available the independent energies of men who, had it been attempted to coerce or subjugate them, would have deserted the orthodox banner and founded heresies; adding that the Pope would have known better than to lose the services of such men as Knox, Whitfield, and Wesley, had they ever belonged to his fold. In like manner it may be said that, had William Walker been an Englishman, or a Frenchman, he would never have become a "filibuster," but would have found ample scope for the exercise of his extraordinary qualities in the legitimate service of his country. Our Government, like the Church of England, discards and loses such adherents.

The son of a Scotch banker, born at Nashville, Tennessee, in 1824, William Walker displayed while at school the qualities which distinguish him still. He could not be taught, for he could not subject himself to the school routine. Unusual ability carried him safely through school and college, in spite of his roving tendencies, and he made a brief and unsatisfactory essay of the professions of law and medicine. Neither suited him; so, after a brief tour through Europe, he fell back on the profession which absorbs all the restless intellect of the country—the press. We find him, in 1851, an editor of a daily paper in San Francisco, California.

These were the times when the unbounded prosperity of this country, and the patent misuse of heaven's blessings by the Spanish Americans, prompted a Lopez and a Raousset de Boulbon to filibusterism. William Walker caught the infection, and one day the public heard that a northern territory of Mexico had been "invaded," and that General William Walker had constituted himself Governor of the same, styling his realm the independent Republic of Lower California. It was as if a fly should light on a man's nose and proclaim a conquest of the human face divine. Walker was starved out, surrendered himself to the first United States officer at hand, was tried for the breach of the neutrality laws, and, by a jury resolved to show their contempt of an absurd law, promptly acquitted.

Taught by experience, Walker received with wise caution a proposal from the Democrats of Nicaragua to interfere on their behalf against the aristocratic party. The two parties in the State of Nicaragua had fought for thirty odd years, and had succeeded in nothing save in ruining the country. The Democrats offered Walker twenty thousand acres of land to fight on their side. A similar offer led Sir De Lacy Evans to fight against the Carlists in Spain, General Guyon to take a command in the Hungarian army of independence, Lord Cochrane to take a leading command in South America; Lafayette and Steuben fought for less in the United States, General Church was satisfied with less in Greece, Colonel Upton in Russia; and the British Government, when it entered into negotiations with General Quitman for the raising of a *corps d'armée* to serve in the Crimea, thought it enough to offer a few hundred acres. General Walker made some further stipulations on behalf of his men, then chartered his vessel.

Just two years ago that vessel, the *Vesta*, lay in the harbor of San Francisco, with General Walker and fifty-six men on board. She was under seizure. A deputy-sheriff's officer had possession. At midnight on Monday, the 4th May, Walker requested the sheriff's officer to step below to examine some documents in the cabin. The unsuspecting official complied. The door shut, he was informed that he was a prisoner.

"There, Sir," said Walker, in a slow drawling voice, "are cigars and Champagne; and there are handcuffs and irons. Pray take your choice."

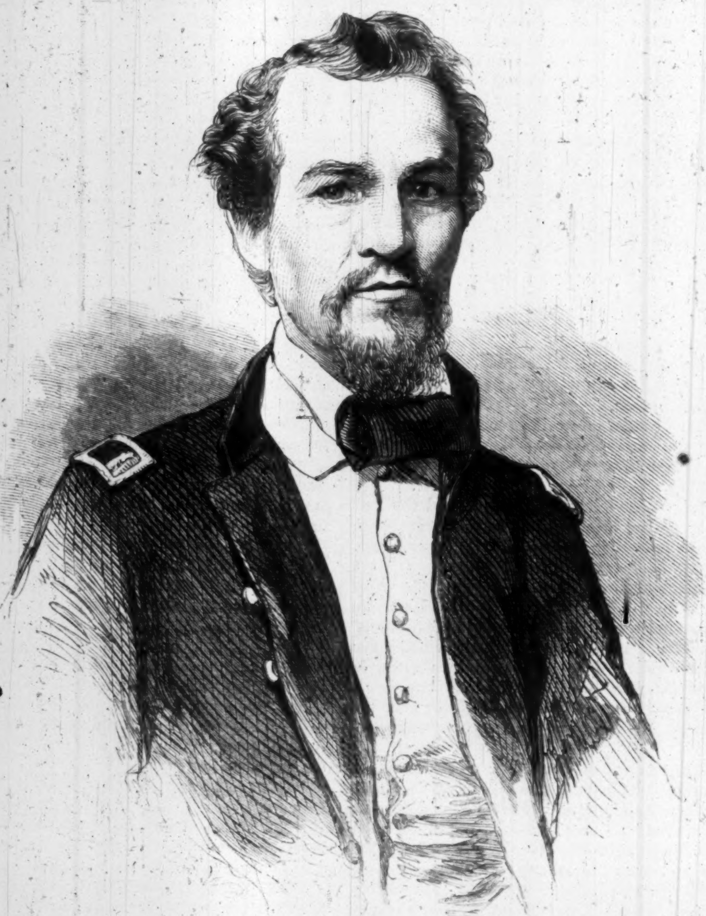
The deputy, a sensible man, took the former, and was in a very happy frame of mind when he was put on board the steam-tug to be taken back to the scene of his official duties. In the month of June General Walker arrived in Nicaragua. The Serviles were prepared in force to resist him; he fought a battle every three weeks. The capture of Granada was quickly followed by the massacre at Virgin Bay, and the necessary inauguration of General Walker's power in Nicaragua.

The war still continued. Instead of exerting their whole strength to the great work of developing the resources of Nicaragua and encouraging immigration, the Democrats under Walker, the Serviles under Corral, exhausted themselves in efforts to destroy each other. Sensible of the folly of this course, General Walker made overtures for peace, which were ultimately accepted by Corral. A treaty was signed between the two Generals, by which the nominal supreme power was placed in the hands of a native named Patricio Rivas, while the command of the army was vested in General Walker. Corral, who perceived when too late that he had sacrificed himself to his patriotism, followed the bent of his Spanish nature and conspired; Walker committed the first fault of his career, by revenging himself in a manner worthy of a native Spanish American. He had Corral shot. It was a terrible mistake, and more followed.

Nicaragua, in virtue of its position, its extent, its resources, and its influx of Anglo-Saxon settlers, is entitled to the pre-eminence among the Central American States. A judicious policy might have ended in a reorganization of the Guatemalian Confederacy, with Nicaragua at its head. Walker committed his second mistake in intrusting a delicate mission to Costa Rica to a wretched German Jew named Schlesinger, whom the soldiers pronounced a lineal descendant of Judas. Schlesinger quarreled with the Costa Ricans; provoked them—easily—to fight; ran away at the first battle, and let them kill his men and defeat his *corps d'armée*. In high feather at their victory over the *Americaños del Norte*, the Costa Ricans invaded Nicaragua and laid siege to Rivas. It was a bad business for them. Walker fell upon them like a whirlwind, and, with some assistance from the cholera, utterly discomfited them. But the prestige of the "Regenerator of Central America" was impaired.

Other mistakes injured him. He accredited to this country an American citizen whose character did not stand high either with the Government or the citizens of the United States, and thus supplied the administration with an extraneous reason for rejecting him. He pushed to extremity a just quarrel with the Accessory Transit Company, and, in order to gratify the cupidity of certain narrow-minded and selfish merchants, broke up their enterprise, and conceded the grant to others. He thus voluntarily deprived himself of the most essential commodity required for his ultimate success—supplies of immigrants from the United States.

These errors were followed by one still more fatal. Don Patricio Rivas, a simple-minded, ignorant Spaniard, had been set at the head of the Government, with the tacit understanding that he was to be the instrument of General Walker. Don Patricio did not object to this somewhat humble *rôle*. He was content with the glory of having his name trumpeted forth as the master, while he was, in fact, the servant of the Great American Adventurer. Common sense ought to have prompted General Walker to retain him in this convenient position. If Patricio grumbled, or conspired, or did any other of the foolish things which natural-



CAPTAIN FARNUM.—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MEADE BROTHERS.]

ly occur to weak minds in his situation, General Walker should have treated him as a child, and humored him while keeping him in subjection. The name of Patricio Rivas, President, was a tower of strength to the foreigner Walker. Instead of seeing things in this light, Walker's impetuous disposition led him to resent seriously some eccentricities of conduct on the part of the President. Rivas standing firm, Walker simply dismissed him from office, and took the nominal as well as the actual direction of affairs.

When Napoleon discharged the Directory and Council of Five Hundred from further duty, he was amply able to fill the vacancy he created. In his instance the *coup d'état* was politic as well as bold. But Walker, at the time he broke with Rivas, stood in need of all the aid he could obtain from any and every source. Commodore Vanderbilt, on behalf of the Accessory Transit Company, was pouring out money and skill in efforts to revenge himself upon his enemy, and to regain the property of which he claimed to have been unjustly despoiled. The Government of the United States, after a bungling semi-recognition of the Nicaraguan Government, in the person of a stray parish curate, had finally settled down in an attitude of antagonism to Walker. The enlistment difficulty with England had compelled the President to pursue a newly vigilant policy in reference to the departure of armed emigrants for Nicaragua. And, worse than all, the merchants in whose interest General Walker had brought the career of the Transit Company to an end proved incapable of fulfilling the contracts they had made, and having plunged Walker into the mud, declared themselves incapable of helping him out.

These obstacles would not have ruined his enterprise had they been met with as much prudence as vigor. Combined with the quarrel with Rivas, they were almost fatal. However, some judicious measures were taken. Application was made here to a well-known capitalist for aid, with partial success. Guns, and, it is believed, money also, were obtained. Better than either, General Walker obtained the aid of a thoroughly experienced soldier—a tried veteran—to guide his military movements. This soldier—by far the most eminent of the men who have coupled their names with the Nicaraguan struggle—was General Henningsen, one of the greatest generals of the day, and a man of genius.

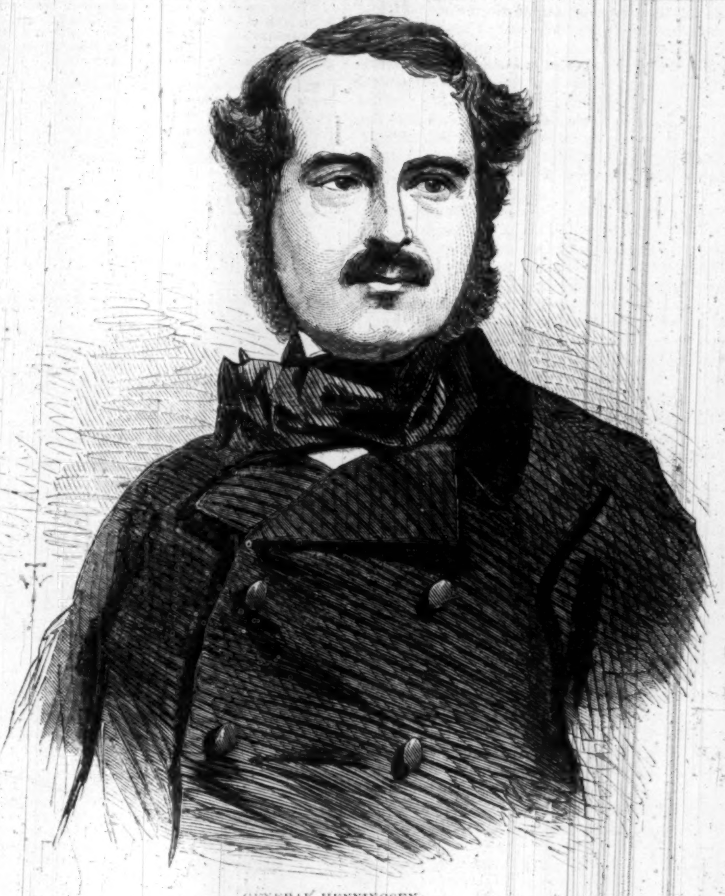
Major-General Henningsen was born in England, of Swedish parents, about the year 1818, and is, consequently, a comparatively young man. His life has been most eventful. When seventeen years of age, his vocation was so pronounced that he volunteered to serve under Zumalacarregui in the Basque Provinces. The Spanish war was then at its height—the year was 1834—and young Henningsen speedily rose to be Captain of Zumalacarregui's body-guard, Knight of St. Ferdinand, etc., etc.; all which titles did him very little good when his chief was killed at Bilboa. The "Elliot Convention"—the paternity of which is ascribed to Colonel Gurwood, the editor of the Duke of Wellington's dispatches—sent young Henningsen to England. There justice was done him by Mr. Lockhart, in an article in the *Quarterly Review* on Henningsen's "History of the War in Spain." The work served as an introduction to Wellington, Soult, and others.

Returning to Spain, with the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel, before he was twenty, he was indebted to accident for his first important command. General De Lacy Evans met the Spanish forces near San Sebastian, and offered battle. The Spanish General shammed sick; his chief of the staff, a brave young man without military knowledge, was glad to avail himself of Colonel Henningsen's instructions in the management of his force. He was perfectly successful. The Foreign Legion was beaten back on San Sebastian, and their leader wounded. He was subsequently of the expedition which marched on Madrid from Aragon and Castile. After the battle of Villar-de-los-Navarros, he took the command of the cavalry, and obtained, as a reward for his gallantry, the rank of full Colonel, and the title of Knight of Isabella. When within three miles of Madrid, he was attacked by the Queen's cavalry in great force. Seventeen times that day did Henningsen lead his men to the charge; only on the last occasion did he succeed in breaking their ranks. Once broken, they were routed. They fled in confusion, and were pursued by the Carlist troops to the very gateway of the city. This was the last of his successful exploits in Spain. A few days afterward he was taken prisoner, and released on parole not to serve again during the war.

His next service was in Circassia, where he spent a campaign in the Russian service, and from the knowledge thus obtained he compiled a report on the Caucasian countries, which was published as a public document by the Russian Government. It was likewise from the information he gained on this campaign that he was subsequently enabled to write his "Revelations of Russia," which has received the high compliment of reproduction in the *United Service Magazine*.

He turned up once more in Hungary, and exchanged the pen for the sword when the crisis in that unhappy country was approaching. There were but 30,000 men, with 1300 pieces of cannon, in Comorn; the question was, how to use these men. Henningsen proposed a plan of campaign. General Guyon so highly approved it that he obtained the chief command in Comorn, and was invested with all the despotic powers which the Diet had conferred on two former representatives—the minister of war and Count Batthyani.

When this struggle was over, General Henningsen turned his attention to the subject of improvements in fire-arms. He made various experiments with the Prussian needle-gun and Hale's Rockets in England, and superintended the construction of the first Miniés ever made in the United States. He likewise devoted a part of his leisure to literature, wrote for the magazines, and published one or two works—the White Slave among others—which have been successful.



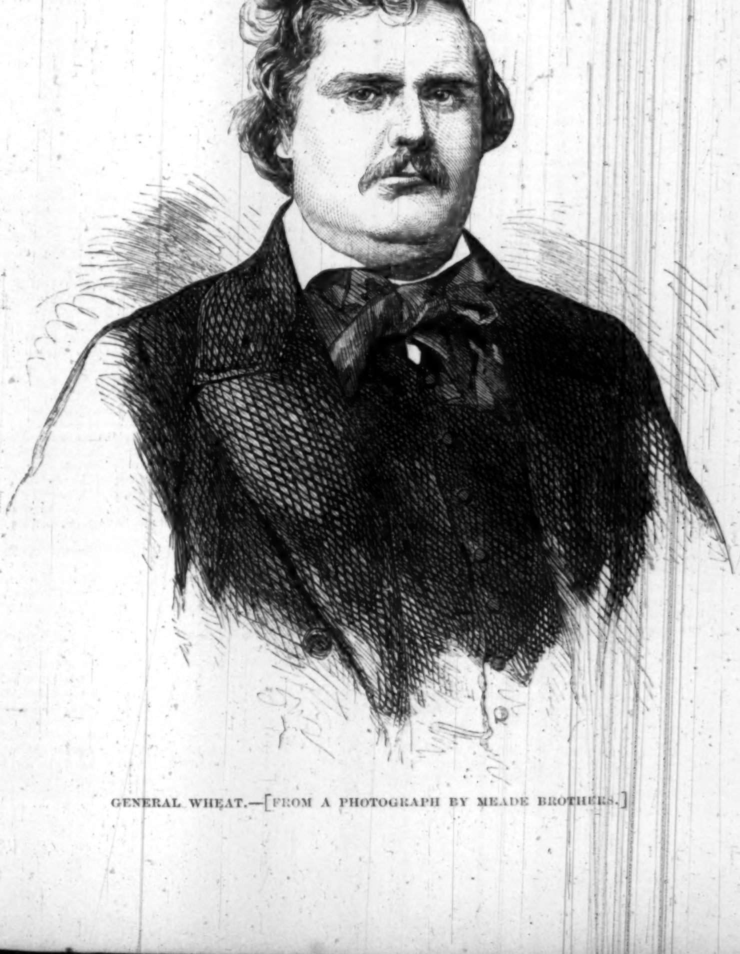
GENERAL HENNINGSEN.

When the war in Nicaragua began to assume serious proportions, the necessity for a soldier of enlarged experience was severely felt; and the more judicious friends of General Walker immediately thought of General Henningsen, who happened to be in the city. Application was made to him, and on certain conditions he agreed to go out. His terms were at once accepted, and he left for Nicaragua.

The remaining struggle is too well known to require repetition here. After a gallant resistance General Henningsen was compelled to evacuate Granada, and the Costa Ricans, amply supplied with money from New York, possessed themselves of the greater portion of the State of Nicaragua. An agent of Commodore Vanderbilt, Spencer by name, agreed for a sum of money to seize certain boats which were in the employ of Walker, and succeeded in doing so. By this act the lives of many brave Americans were sacrificed, and the Walker army placed in imminent jeopardy. The utter failure of Colonel Lockridge and his party to ascend the San Juan River and penetrate to Walker from the Atlantic side, appears to have yielded to the Costa Ricans and their New York allies the mastery of at least one-half the territory in dispute. It is asserted that they hold, with an equally sure grasp, the exit on the Pacific side at San Juan del Sur.

The latest accounts which we have received from Walker report that he had attacked the Costa Ricans who were besieging him at Rivas, and defeated them with slaughter. But later mails, which bring no news from Walker's head-quarters, contradict this account, and assert, on the contrary, that in every late encounter the Costa Ricans had been successful, and that Walker had been reduced to a very low ebb indeed. The official organs of the Government of Costa Rica, exultant at the success of an enterprise in which they had but little real interest, confidently predict the ultimate overthrow of Walker, and speculate on the partition of Nicaragua which is to follow. On the other hand, the party here which is commonly supposed to have hired the Costa Ricans to filibuster in Nicaragua is prepared with a new Transit Company, framed after the fashion of the East India Company of England, "on a purely mercantile bottom;" that is to say, with mere interludes of fighting and conquest. Walker's friends still adhere to the conviction that his cause is not desperate, and that, whatever may have happened, the "gray-eyed man" will yet retrieve his fortunes.

A few weeks will now decide the question. Walker's troubles are all of his own making. Had he displayed as much wisdom as boldness and pertinacity, he would now have been the acknowledged Governor of Nicaragua, recognized by every leading state in the world. Should he be overthrown, the cause of civilization and commerce in Central America will be retarded by a generation. In him was their best chance. His own errors have possibly rendered his failure inevitable, and inflicted incalculable injury on the country of which he might have been, in real truth, the Regenerator.



GENERAL WHEAT.—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MEADE BROTHERS.]

MEN AND THINGS IN ITALY.

(*From our own Correspondent.*)

Naples, *March*, 1857.

A new sensation in our trite, practical world-life is a fact worthy of recording—the more especially if it be, as in my instance, as agreeable as it was novel. Coming out of the *Café del Europa*, where I had dined last evening with two friends, as we strolled toward the Chiaja, a street harpist met us, and walked briskly by our side, playing the liveliest and prettiest airs of the day, and accompanying them at intervals with his voice. His instrument was an excellent one, and he used it with great skill. To be thus attended in any other city would have attracted a disagreeable crowd around one; but here, where music is as free and spontaneous as the serene skies overhead, we were as retired in our enjoyment as if in our own rooms. As we walked he kept pace, pouring forth streams of delicious melody, which, in connection with the glorious nature around and above us, had the effect to quite disembody us from the sights and *feeling* of the city itself. The atmosphere was radiant with star and tender moonlight; the sea was breathing tranquilly, and sending a softened murmur of shore-spent waves to our ears; on one side Vesuvius lifted itself in sharp outline against the eastern horizon, belching forth at irregular intervals masses of fire, steam, and smoke, and backed by a misty outline of far-off Campanian snow-tipped mountains, whose white robes seemed the shadowing forth of the spiritualities of a nobler life than ours. The long line of the bay glittered and twinkled with bright lights, like the reflections of an immense diamond diadem; while the silvery sheen of its waters, as it approached the shore, lost itself in a harmonious embrace with the dark shadows which poured down from its circle of vine and villa-covered hills. "To see Naples and then die" is an old proverb, whose meaning is perfectly appreciable under certain combinations of weather and landscape not rare in this neighborhood. But to my mind it should be rendered, "To feel the spirit of Naples and live," as did we on the evening of our extemporaneous, ambulating serenade. It was a scene and enjoyment that could occur only at Naples, and perfect from its unsought spontaneity. To be sure, at the last, its poetry was somewhat abruptly and jarringly let down to the materialism of the ways and means of practical life by an energetic but polite appeal, and thanks for the gratuity gladly given in consideration of so refined a pleasure so unexpectedly bestowed. These little bright bits of life are, after all, its real gems, and leave in the heart and mind a lustre that outlives its roughest attritions.

Another of my noted enjoyments in this vicinity has been in a trip to Pæstum. I had anticipated in its surroundings a sterility and desolation equal to that of the Roman Campagna, but found instead a cultivated plain, good roads, and in Pæstum itself one of the best farm-houses and appurtenances I have seen in Italy, besides a church and several other buildings—indicatory of any thing rather than the pestilential atmosphere ascribed to this site. Its famed roses were not, but the wild violets still showed their pretty blue heads here and there among the masses of broken columns and fallen capitals. Apart from the Temple of Neptune, the other ruins would establish the celebrity of any site of past civilization; but here they are comparatively lost in the presence of that majestic pile. It is sufficiently perfect, after battling time for twenty-five hundred years, to call but little upon the imagination for its restoration. Indeed, one would be sorry to see it restored. As it is, it is the megalonyx of architecture—the colossal skeleton of a massive, severe, yet graceful style, in its proportions uniting the tempular solidity of Egyptian architecture to the nobler Doric art of Greece, such as the world must come here to admire and wonder at, for it will never *live* again. Here, in solitary grandeur, its morning shadows far reaching toward the blue sea, and at evening flooded with the golden and purple light of the Campanian sun, each day deepening its glorious color, so indescribable in its richly-hued harmony—so overpowering in its impression upon the spectator, from its unity with the landscape and the massiveness and simplicity of the temple itself—eternity robing time and matter with its own effulgence—here, not sad as the stricken Parthenon, nor feverish and repentant like the prodigal sons of art, those debased and swine-lodging ruins of the habitations of the Cæsars, but majestic, lovely, and serene, it will continue to stand when St. Peter's shall have crumbled into the Tiber as it does to-day, and as it did when Rome was unbuilt—a veritable temple—the glad creation of a pure thought and lofty feeling, with no stain of shame upon its front, and no story of folly or falsehood to undermine its reputation, the noble record of a lost race and faith.

From whichever point it is viewed the impression is equal. The depth, richness, and harmony of its coloring astonished me. Time has mellowed and deepened the natural redness of the tufa stone with its most impressive hues, and with a gradation as perfect as that of a summer's crimson sunset. Although so solid as to mock at time, and standing sharp and bold against the sky, adamantine in every line, yet, as the eye becomes fixed on its color and shadows, it loses itself, as it were, in space, as if they let the sight far into the material; and before me stood the vital temple itself—that not made with hands, but first created in the thought of its forgotten author, in the real spirit of his thought and belief. Indeed, it is a glorious ruin, more grand and touching in its eloquent loneliness than ever it could have been as the shrine of marble deities, when the smoke of incense and sacrifice, instead as now of the burning sun, tinged its roofed columns, and called the believers in the deified personality of the restless ocean to prayer and worship. The neighboring temples are less complete, and beside this look blanched and desolate. They are barren ruins, among whose columns and about whose altars the visitor wanders with the usual listless curiosity of unnerved sight-seers; but he who can look unmoved upon that of Neptune must be lost in sympathy with the ever-living soul of humanity.

The visitor will find a numerous shepherd population among the ruins, mostly boys, clad in skins and peaked hats, and as wild as the goats they tend. Indeed, the difference in appearance and manner between the animals and their watchers is so slight, that little besides the absence of a pair of legs in the one can justify any discrimination. They gamboled around us like a flock of frantic goats; butting each other, scrambling from rock to rock, a little shy, growing bolder each minute, merry and waggish, without the lowest vices of the human vermin that infest more frequented ruins, but with every tendency to cheating, begging, and extortion, and kept in order only by the stick stoutly applied, and the kicks and cuffs of an adult human goat that had volunteered as an escort. The little rascals brought handfuls of broken glass, lead coins, bits of pottery, and even sea-shells, pertinaciously offering them for sale as veritable antiques newly dug from the ruins. Among them were fierce white dogs, guarding herds of buffaloes and horses, that savagely resented any encroachment upon their domains. As I turned to look my last, reluctant farewell of the Temple of Neptune, a jackass had entered its area, and was quietly browsing in one of its vestibules.

Ass and Temple! Such is the juxtaposition of human life. I bade adieu to both; and with a more perfect comprehension of the majesty and dignity of early Greek architecture than I had before entertained, drove rapidly back to Salerno, well repaid for having visited Pæstum.

CICERONE.

FOREIGN RELIGIOUS ITEMS.

CHURCH MUSIC.—For a long time past church music has, to a certain extent, partaken of the character of professional and opera music; a reaction is coming about in Europe as well as in America, discontent and sorrow are freely expressed that popular congregational singing seems to have disappeared almost entirely. The Pope complains from Rome; the British churches complain, and the American churches join in the complaint. We are of opinion that this evil will never be cured until each leading church, or a combination of the great churches, shall publish a few, say one hundred, choice hymns with suitable music set to them; so that all the people may become as familiar with them as with the Lord's Prayer. Then all the people would sing.

PREACHING IN THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.—We have already alluded to the appearance of Dissenting ministers in England of great popular power; and that this fact had awakened a very free expression of opinion, that the clergy of the Church of England must acquire more pulpit power, if they would retain their flocks. A writer in the London *Times*, says:

> As a body, the clergy of the Church of England are the worst preachers in Christendom, because they are the only religious community who neglect to teach the art of speaking in public. And of this neglect they are now paying the penalty. Now for the remedy. It is a simple one. It consists only in this, that before men are required to preach in public, they should know something about public preaching. Why not ascertain by examination that they are "apt to teach?" The man who will work this reform in the educational system of our theological colleges will do more for the real interests of the Church of England than all the vapid speeches with which we are about to be dinned at Exeter-hall, and all the angry protests which await us from St. Paul's and St. Barnabas.

A NEW SIGN.—The question of opening the cathedral churches and abbeys in England to popular and powerful preachers outside of the State Church, continues to be discussed with increasing interest in leading British secular journals.

GROWING RELIGIOUS INDEPENDENCE IN IRELAND.—The late spirited election for a new British Parliament called out the Roman Catholic clergy in force; and they not only supported certain candidates, but nominated several. Dr. M'Hale, Archbishop of Tuam, named the candidate for Galway, but the resistance of the people to the political dictation of the priesthood defeated the bishop's nominee, and they even returned a Protestant.

PROTESTANTS IN THE TYROL.—There are but few provinces in Europe which so firmly adhere to the Roman Church as the Tyrol. A Protestant movement in the Zillerthal, some thirty years ago, which occasioned the conversion of 400 natives to Protestantism, ended in the expulsion of all the Protestants from the soil of the province, the Austrian Government leaving to them the alternative of returning to the Roman Church or emigration, and they choosing the latter. Now there is only one district, that of Vorarldberg, which has a small Protestant population, consisting, for a great part, of workmen in the large manufactories. They have repeatedly applied for the permission of building a Protestant chapel and being visited by a Protestant clergyman, but in vain. Lately they have again petitioned the Evangelical Consistory of Vienna to plead their cause with the Government, and to obtain for them the right of either calling occasionally a pastor from neighboring Switzerland to preach for them, or of having a parish established expressly for them. The Consistory has recommended the petition to the Government, which has not yet given its decision, but it is supposed they will make it dependent on the opinion of the provincial authorities.

MORMONISM IN SWITZERLAND.—While the Mormons have found but a very few adherents in Germany, they are more successful in Switzerland. In Geneva they publish a monthly paper. In Zurich they have regular meetings since 1855, and are governed by an ecclesiastical council consisting of a President, a Priest, and an Elder, and clothed with the right of excommunicating refractory members, which right they have been several times compelled to exercise. The police watches their proceedings very closely, but has, thus far, found no reason for interfering with their doings. From the canton of Thurgau they sent recently half a dozen of young girls to Utah. Those who have best observed the progress of Mormonism in Europe, concur in the judgment of the church historian Gieseler, that "most of their converts join the sect because they hope to exchange their miserable existence at home with plenty and abundance in the promised land on the Salt Lake." It is the old story of human misery, of the inability of merely political and social schemes to remove this misery, and of the inclination of the human heart to give a hearing to every one who promises relief in the name of religion.

MENNONITES EXCLUDED FROM PARLIAMENT.—In the Second Chamber of the kingdom of Hanover, the Government demanded recently the exclusion of the member for Emden, Consul Brons, because he does not belong to one of the three State Churches (Lutheran, Reformed, or Roman Catholic), but to the sect of Mennonites. The Chamber, in which the ultra-conservative party has a large majority, complied with the motion of the Ministry. A remarkable incident in the discussion was a speech of a Lutheran clergyman, Rev. Mr. Ernst, who inveighed most bitterly against all sects and free churches, advocated the propriety of refusing to them political rights, denounced the principle of religious liberty for all denominations, as fatal to the interests of the Church, and eulogized the Roman Catholic Church because of its unity.

THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION.—This new and startling dogma of the Roman Catholic Church finds powerful resistance occasionally; but the discipline of the Church will probably cause it to prevail. M. Braun, an Austrian priest, has been excommunicated for refusing to read in his church the Bull in reference to the Immaculate Conception. He has published a book, in which he boldly charges with heresy all who have received the dogma, including the Pope. He states that "thousands of priests," if they dared, would speak and act as he had done.

THINGS WISE AND OTHERWISE.

MODERATION IN ALL THINGS.—A tremendous talker is like a greedy eater at an ordinary, keeping to himself an entire dish of which every one present would like to have partaken.

THE RISE AND FALL OF A SUCCESSFUL FOOL.—He shot up like a balloon, and came down like a monkey in a parachute!—*Cremorne Proverb.*

OPINIONS OF A DISAPPOINTED MAN.

The man who is proud of his money has rarely any thing better to be proud of.

Trees with double-flowers are, too often, the emblem of friendship—there is plenty of blossom, but no fruit.

There are many men who delight in playing the fool, but who get angry the moment they are told so.

Society has a right to be particular—it is so often deceived!

Common sense has become such a rare commodity that the world has entered into a tacit compact to live without it.

Wealth itself is not so much despised—it is only the man who is the possessor of it.

Every woman is born with a master-mind—that is to say, with a mind to be master, if she can.

No man, *living*, should say an ill-word against the Doctors.

Compliments are the coin that we pay a man to his face—sarcasms are what we pay him out with behind his back.

Toad-eating is always in season.

CHARADE.

What's that which all love more than life,
Fear more than death or mortal strife;
That which contented men desire,
The poor possess, the rich require,
The miser spends, the spendthrift saves,
And all men carry to their graves?

What do we all love more than life?
Or quail at more than mortal strife,
Which in death ends? *Nothing.*

What does the reckless spendthrift save?
What must we all take to the grave?
That which the miser spends—
Nothing.

A little Swedish girl was walking with her father on a starry night, absorbed in contemplation of the skies. On being questioned as to the occupation of her thoughts, she replied: "I was thinking if the *wrong side* of heaven is so glorious, what must the other side be?"

"Tintion!" exclaimed an Irish sergeant to his platoon. "Front face, and tind to rowl call! As many of ye as is prisint will say 'Here!' and as many of ye as is not prisint will say 'Absent!'"

The more polished the society is, the less formality there is in it.

If a man should set out calling every thing by its right name, he would be knocked down before he got to the corner of the street.

Here are a few verses which should be read by all who contemplate suicide. We would advise all such to read them, and then do likewise—change their minds:

The landlord saw a carving knife,
One day, and, in his sin,
He took it up, and bared his breast,
And—*almost*—stuck it in.

Another time the railroad cars
Were going out from Bos-
Ton, and he went and laid him down
The horrid track across.

But, as it happened for to chance,
The train had gone *before;*
And so he rose, with mournful glance,
To think of death once more.

Then he made up his mind to drown,
And sought the river's brim;
But there up-foot and changed his mind,
Because he couldn't swim.

"Rem," said his mother to a roguish boy of four, actively engaged in buttering the cat's nose with the best Goshen. "Rem, *will* you stop that, or *not*?"

"Or not," was the coolly-echoed reply of Master Mischief, as he cocked his eye at the impending slipper, and took another dab on his inch and a half forefinger.

"Boy," said an ill-tempered old fellow to a noisy lad, "what are you *hollerin'* for when I am going by?" "Humph," returned the boy, "what are you going by for when I am *hollerin'* f"

"I like you," said a girl to her suitor, "but I can not leave home; I am a widow's only darling; no husband can equal my parent in kindness." "She is kind," replied the wooer, "but be my wife—we will all live together, and see if I don't beat your mother!"

The day-laborer, who earns with horny hand and the sweat of his face coarse food for a wife and children whom he loves, is raised, by this generous motive, to true dignity, and, though wanting the refinements of life, is a nobler being than those who think themselves absolved by wealth from serving others.

THE MUD-FISHES.—There is a very ugly fish, known as the mud-fish, native to the river Gambia; and one of these fishes was for some time an inhabitant of the aquarium in the Sydenham Crystal Palace. Well, a while ago, it seems, the fish made its escape. How, who should say? for very strange are the resources of mud-fishes, and other things that live and fatten on mud. The mud-fish was given up for lost, when, a few days since, it was discovered in the large flower-fountain at the north end of the Palace. And, behold, the mud-fish had grown twice its former size; and there was good cause for its magnitude, since the mud-fish, all alone, had devoured the large quantity of gold and silver fish with which it was stocked. After this fashion do the mud-fishes of this world swallow gold and silver, remaining no other than mud-fish to the end!

IN Ireland, not long since, the body of a murdered schoolmaster is said to have been found in the road, with his head full of *fractions*.

"I'm thinking it's a shoe-aside," said Larry.

"The horse's shoe, was it?"

"No, alanna," said Larry; "shoe-aside is Latin for cutting your throat."

"But he didn't cut his throat," said the widow.

"Sure it's all one," said Larry, "whether he did it with a razhir on his throat or a hammer on his head. It's shoe-aside all the same."

"But there was no hammer found!"

"No—but he might have hid the hammer after he did it, to throw off the disgrace of the shoe-aside."

"But wasn't there any life in him when he was found?"

"Not a taste. The Crowners sot on him and he never said a word, and if he was alive he would."

"And didn't they find any thing?"

"Nothing but the vardick."

"And was it that that kilt him?"

"No, my dear; 'twas the crack on the head. But the vardick was, 'twas done, and somebody done it, and they were blackguards, whoever they were, and unknown."

The Springfield *Republican*, in speaking of a new invention for a hen's nest, whereby the eggs drop through a trap-door, and so deceives the hen that she keeps on laying, is responsible for the following: "Blobbs met with a loss, however, with one of the persuaders. Blobbs had a lovely young Shanghai pullet, of boundless ambition. Blobbs bought a persuader, and his lovely Shanghai used it. She went upon the nest in the morning. Blobbs saw her go, and his heart bounded within him. Alas! he never saw her come off again. At night he visited the persuader. In the upper compartment was a handful of feathers, a few toe-nails, and a bill. In the lower compartment were three dozen and eleven eggs! Blobbs saw it all. Her delicate constitution had been unequal to the effort, and, fired by young ambition, she had layed herself all away."

The friends of a wit expressed some surprise that, with his age and his fondness for the bottle, he should have thought it worth while to marry. "A wife was necessary," he said; "they began to say of me that I drank too much for a *single* man."

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL.

FRANKLIN SQUARE, *Monday Evening, May* 18, 1857.

THE commercial movement of the week has been large, and compares as follows with that of the corresponding week last year:

	Exports.	Imports.
Week ending May 16, 1857	$1,488,718....	$4,619,010
Corresponding week, 1856	1,196,759....	4,133,313

The specie export, as we anticipated, fell but little short of two millions, of which over a million and a half went to Europe; while the receipt from California, per *George Law*, was $1,700,000. The gold exchanges being in favor of the city, it is not likely that the banks have yet begun to suffer.

In the early part of the week there was some demand for money, and an alarm that the stringency apprehended in midsummer was already upon us; but as the week advanced this disappeared, the demand for money being withdrawn, in consequence of the absence of speculation. To-day money is very easy, the wants of the business men and the brokers being amply supplied.

Cotton is dull; Breadstuffs are rather firmer; the chief movement of the week has been in Sugars, which continue to rise. One firm is said to realize a quarter of a million dollars by one operation in Manilla Sugar.

The Stock Market is rather dull, the only advance of any consequence being in Michigan Southern, which is inflated by the preferred stock arrangement.

WEEKLY MARKET SUMMARY.

NEW YORK, *Monday Evening, May* 18, 1857.

THE Wholesale Produce Markets have been somewhat unsettled during the past week. Breadstuffs opened actively and buoyantly, but toward the close they were more freely offered, and the general tenor of prices was downward. We quote: Ordinary to extra State Flour $6 35 @ $6 85; ordinary to fancy Western do. $6 40 @ $6 70; low to choice extra Western do. $6 70 @ $10 00; fancy to extra Genesee do. $7 25 @ $9 75; superfine to extra Canadian do. $6 45 @ $8 50; low mixed to choice extra Southern $7 00 @ $9 50; fine to superfine Rye Flour $3 65 @ $5 00; Corn Meal, $3 75 for Jersey, and $4 00 for Brandywine, per barrel. White Wheat $1 70 @ $1 90; Red Wheat $1 42½ @ $1 67½; Mixed Corn, in store, 86½ @ 88 c.; Yellow Corn 88 @ 89 c.; White Corn 88 @ 91 c.; Northern Rye $1 04 @ $1 05; Western Oats, 59 @ 62½ c.; State Oats 55 @ 59 c.; Jersey Oats 54 @ 57 c.; and Barley $1 30 @ $1 60, per bushel. Cotton is inactive and a shade cheaper. Middling Uplands 13½ @ 13¾ c.; do. Gulfs 13¾ @ 13½ c., per pound. Provisions have been pretty freely dealt in at generally firmer prices. We now quote: Mess Pork $23 60 @ $23 70; Prime Pork $19 20 @ $19 30; Country Mess Beef $13 00 @ $14 00; do. Prime do. $10 75 @ $11 50, per barrel. Prime Mess Beef $28 00 @ $31 00 per tierce; Beef Hams $23 50 @ $24 00 per barrel; Bacon 11½ @ 12½ c. per pound; Lard, in barrels, 14 @ 14½ c.; New State Butter 20 @ 28 c.; Cheese 11½ @ 12½ c. per pound. Groceries were more sought after, especially Sugars, Molasses, and Teas, and prices advanced a little. Hay was in reduced supply and improved demand, closing at $1 00 for shipment, and $1 12½ @ $1 18¾ for local use, per 100 pounds. Hemp, Hops, and Grass Seeds were inactive, yet quoted steady. Tobacco was brisk, firm, and buoyant. Domestic Whisky attracted increased attention, and reached 34½ @ 35 c. per gallon. Wool ruled dull and heavy, as previously reported.

Freights were very quiet, and rates ruled decidedly low. For Liverpool, Cotton, 2s. @ 2s. 6d. per bale; Flour, 6d. @ 9d. per barrel; Grain, nominally, 1d. @ 1½d. per bushel; Beef, 6d. @ 9d. per tierce; Rosin, 6d. per barrel; and Heavy Goods, 8s. @ 10s. 6d. per ton. For other ports, proportionate quotations.

The Live Stock Market was heavy, owing to the large supply available, especially of Beeves. The week's receipts, according to returns from the principal markets, comprised 3158 Beeves, 401 Milch Cows, 1040 Veal Calves, 3302 Sheep and Lambs, and 2914 Swine, against 2948 Beeves, 359 Milch Cows, 1100 Veal Calves, 4231 Sheep and Lambs, and 2113 Swine the preceding week. Illinois, Ohio, and New York furnished the bulk of the Beeves offered. The range of prices at the Forty-fourth Street Market last Wednesday, was from 9½ c. for the poorest, to 13½ c. for premium cattle, per pound, the general average having been 11½ c. per pound. Milch Cows, with their Calves at their sides, were plenty, salable, and steady. Veal Calves were abundant and briskly inquired for, closing at 4½ @ 7½ c. per pound, live weight. Sheep and Lambs were rather scarce and in good request, mainly at from $5 00 @ $8 00 per head. Swine were in heavy supply and slack demand, closing at 6½ @ 7½ c. for live, and 8½ @ 9½ c. for dressed, per pound.

The Country Produce Market is now pretty well supplied with new Vegetables; these are in demand, but are bringing less satisfactory prices. Other articles appear as previously reported.

WHOLESALE PRICES OBTAINED BY PRODUCERS AT WASHINGTON MARKET.

Apples, per barrel	$4 00	@	$9 00
" Dried, State, per pound.....	11	@	13
" " Southern, per pound .	10	@	12
Cranberries, per barrel	$15 00	@	$20 00
Dried Peaches (peeled), per pound...	16	@	20
" " (unpeeled), per pound.	10	@	11
Hickory Nuts, per bushel	75	@	$1 50
Potatoes, old, per barrel..............	$2 50	@	$5 00
" new, per barrel	$5 00	@	$7 50
" Sweet, per barrel...........	$6 00	@	$6 50
Onions, Red, per barrel..............	$3 75	@	$4 00
" Yellow, per barrel..........	$4 50	@	$5 00
" White, per barrel	$5 00	@	$6 00
" per 100 strings	$4 50	@	$5 00
Washed Carrots, per barrel.........	$1 25	@	$1 50
Beets, per barrel	$3 50	@	$4 00
Parsnips, per barrel	$1 50	@	$2 00
Turnips, per barrel....................	$1 50	@	$1 75
Cabbages, per 100	$5 00	@	$9 00
Garlic, per 100 bunches..............	$7 00	@	—
Maple Sugar, per pound	10	@	12½
Spinach, per barrel.....................	$1 25	@	$1 50
Lettuce, per hundred	$5 50	@	$5 75
" " dozen.....................	50	@	75
Sprouts, per barrel	37	@	50
Rhubarb, per dozen....................	62	@	87
White Beans, per bushel.............	$1 75	@	—
Butter, Western, per pound	13	@	19
" State, per pound	20	@	28
Cheese, State, per pound.............	11½	@	12½
Lard, per pound.........................	14	@	14½
Eggs, Fresh, per dozen	15	@	17
Fowls, per pound........................	15	@	20
Ducks, Domestic, per pound.........	20	@	28
Turkeys, per pound	16	@	20
Geese, per pound	10	@	18
Pigeons, per dozen	$2 50	@	$2 75
English Snipe, per dozen	$3 25	@	$3 75
Yellow Leg Snipe, per dozen.........	$2 25	@	$3 00
Beef, per pound	9	@	11
Mutton, per pound	9	@	13
Lamb, per pound	12	@	15
Veal, per pound	7	@	11
Pork, per pound..........................	8½	@	9½

ADVERTISEMENTS.

CHESTER FEMALE INSTITUTE, ARMONCK, WESTCHESTER CO., N. Y.
REV. I. D. VERMILYE, Rector.
Terms.—One hundred dollars per Session of 22 weeks, payable in advance. Music, with the use of the piano, an extra charge of $10 00 per quarter. Sessions commence the first Mondays of May and November. Application for admission, or for circulars, to be made to the Rector.

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BLACK LACE POINTS.—A Beautiful Variety.
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[*From the New York Ledger.*]

LINES.

As distant lands beyond the sea,
When friends go thence, draw nigh,
So Heaven, when friends have thither gone,
Draws nearer from the sky.

And as those lands the dearer grow,
When friends are long away,
So Heaven itself, through loved ones dead,
Grows dearer day by day.

Heaven is not far from those who see
With the pure spirit's sight,
But near, and in the very hearts
Of those who see aright.

January, 1857. C. D. STUART.

THE ISLAND PRINCESS.

A ROMANCE OF THE OLD AND NEW WORLD.

BY EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH,

Author of "The Lost Heiress," "The Deserted Wife," "The Missing Bride," "Retribution," &c.

CHAPTER I.

AN INTERRUPTED WEDDING.

It was the first of May, the marriage day of the Viscount Montressor of Montressor Castle, Dorsetshire, and Estelle, only daughter and heiress of Sir Parke Morelle, Hyde Hall, Devonshire.

A glorious morning! the cloudless blue sky smiled down upon the green hills, and dewy dales, and deep woods of Devon; and the park around the Hall was all alive and musical, with the joyous songs of birds, and the merry laughter of young men and maidens gathering to celebrate their May-day festival, and to do honor to the marriage of their landlord's daughter.

The elm-shaded winding avenue that led from the highway to the house was arched at each terminus by a mammoth wreath of flowers, and many were the carriages that passed under them on their way to assist at the wedding: and these contained only the bridesmaids and the nearest friends and relatives of the family, whose relationship or position gave them the right to attend the bride to church—for a still more numerous party had been invited to meet her at the altar. The villagers and tenants, grouped about under the shade of the great old trees, or wandering over the green sward on either side the avenue, watched these equipages as they rolled on, commenting as usual on such occasions.

"Oh—dear me! the weddingers won't pass till nearly twelve! and here we are to wait two mortal hours!" said a young girl to the gamekeeper.

"Hush! my darling; look, here comes his Lordship's carriage, itself, just as sure as you're the prettiest lass in the country."

It *was* Lord Montressor's carriage.

Early that morning a note from his affianced bride had been put in his hands, summoning him to a private conference with her at the Hall, before they should proceed to the church. Surprised and filled with vague uneasiness, his Lordship lost no time in obeying the behest.

Within the most secluded of her suite of richly-furnished apartments at the old Hall, half-buried in the depths of a cushioned chair, reclined the bride expectant, in bridal array.

She was alone, her attendants having, by her own desire, withdrawn.

Estelle Morelle—or "La Belle Estelle"—"Beautiful Stella," "The Midnight Star"—as, for her resplendent dark beauty, she was poetically named—was at this time twenty-five years of age, and more lovely than a poet's or an artist's ideal. Her form was of medium height, and very slender, though well rounded, with a graceful head, over which fell rich masses of jet-black silken ringlets, shading a face of pure, pale olive complexion with large mournful dark eyes, habitually veiled by the long, drooping lashes, and delicate, though full, curved lips, ever patiently closed as in silent resignation. The prevailing expression of her dark, brilliant countenance was a profound melancholy.

The announcement of Miss Morelle's approaching marriage with the Viscount Montressor had created a profound sensation in the fashionable and aristocratic circles. A peerless beauty, the only child and heiress of the oldest, wealthiest, and haughtiest baronet in the West of England, her heart had been as much the object of aspiration to the youthful and ardent, as her hand and fortune had been the end of desire to the mercenary and ambitious.

At the early age of seven years Estelle had been placed at one of the first class female institutions of learning at Paris, then as now, considered among the very best of their kind in the world, and there had been left to remain until her sixteenth year, when the sudden and calamitous breaking up of the institution, and her own severe illness, had occasioned her removal. *That illness had been attended with marked changes in the constitution and temperament of the young girl.*

Estelle, previously the most careless, light-hearted, and capricious of children, left her chamber of convalescence a subdued, thoughtful, melancholy woman! The laughing lips of girlhood closed in patient sadness; the sparkling eyes sheathed their beams under long, shadowy lashes, now seldom lifted; the silvery, elastic voice sank into deep and thrilling tones; the free, glad motions were measured and controlled.

She never entered another school, but completed her education under the best masters, at home. To dissipate what was considered a transient melancholy, her parents traveled with her over Europe, pausing at each capital and chief town, to show her all that was interesting and instructive. But though their daughter repaid their attentions with the sweetest gratitude, and obeyed them with the gentlest docility, she showed no interest in the passing scenes. And though every where her extreme beauty and sweetness of disposition, not less than her fortune and position, drew around her many friends and admirers, Estelle remained alone in her isolated thoughts and feelings. Every most distinguished physician in Europe had been consulted upon her case, and the result of their wisdom was a decision that this melancholy was not the effect of ill health, still less of secret sorrow, but that it was a constitutional phase that would probably pass away with maturing years.

They returned to England, presented their daughter at court, and introduced her into all the gayeties of fashionable life. But with no happy effect upon the spirits of Estelle, who remained profoundly unmoved amid the *eclát* that greeted her *debût*. Her picturesque beauty was the theme of all tongues—her mournful glance was fascinating—her deep tones thrilling—her touch magnetic; all felt her power, yet she who could move all others, remained unimpressed. She who sought no conquests, for that very reason, perhaps, made many. A peer and two commoners, in succession, laid their fortunes at her feet, and were in turn kindly and firmly rejected.

So passed her first season in London, at the close of which her parents took her down to their seat in Devonshire. Here, in her thoughtful, quiet, unostentatious manner, she engaged in works of benevolence among the villagers and the tenantry. And her father, hoping much from this employment, gave her full liberty of action, and smiled to see that she seemed less pensive than before.

At the beginning of the parliamentary term the family went up to London.

And it was here in her second season in town that Estelle formed the acquaintance of Lord Montressor, a young nobleman but lately acceded to his titles and estates, but already known as a man of the most high-toned moral and intellectual excellence, as a righteous as well as a rising statesman, and as one who, in the event of a change of ministry, would be likely to fill a high official position in his Majesty's cabinet. Aside from the glare of rank, and wealth, and power, Charles Montressor was a glorious specimen of the Creator's workmanship. Above the average standard of height among his countrymen, broad-shouldered and deep-chested, with a noble head, and a face full of wisdom and goodness, his appearance truly indicated the warm benevolence, clear intelligence, and pure spirit of the man. His presence soon inspired Estelle with a faith that she had not been able to feel in any other that approached her. He drew nearer to her than any other had been permitted to come; he crossed the magic circle of her isolation, and conversed with her as no other had been allowed to do. The world looked and said that the beautiful Stella had at last met her master and was conquered.

At this stage of affairs, the parliamentary term being over, Sir Parke Morelle and his family left London for Hyde Hall.

Lord Montressor asked and received permission to follow them, and in less than a month availed himself of the privilege to do so. Thus it was in the home of her ancestors, after having obtained the cordial sanction of her parents, and believing himself sure of the affections of their daughter, Lord Montressor offered his heart and hand to the lovely Estelle, and was, to his profound astonishment, instantly and firmly rejected! In thus rejecting his suit she wept long and bitterly, praying his forgiveness, that the happiness she had experienced and exhibited in his society should have betrayed him into making this declaration, and beseeching him never to renew his suit; but to leave and forget her. There was something in the tone of her refusal which confirmed and deepened his previous conviction that—even in rejecting him—she loved him! But with his high-toned sentiments he would not in the least degree presume upon that knowledge. Taking her hand with deferential tenderness, he said—

"Stella! a man never but once, in his whole existence, loves a woman as I love you! I will not inquire the cause of the rejection, which you have certainly a right to make without assigning any reason for the act. And after having received this repulse, I may not in honor distress you by a renewal of my suit. But this, in parting, I must say to you—that, though I go hence, I shall not go out of the reach of your friends; I shall never address another woman; so, if ever in the course of future weeks, or months, or years, however long, you may think proper to review the decision of this evening, Stella, I implore you to let me know! Write but one word, 'Come;' and I will return to lay an unchanged heart at your feet!"

Estelle was weeping too bitterly to reply.

"Stella!" will you promise to do this?"

"Lord Montressor, best and dearest friend! do not seek to bind yourself to one who can give you nothing in return! Try to think of the melancholy girl that you have pitied and loved—only as a shadow that fell for a moment across the sunshine of your path, and then passed away forever!—and so forget her!"

"Stella! I have pledged my honor never to renew this suit, unless you reverse in my favor the sentence you have pronounced upon it; but, inspired by the deep and deathless love I bear you, and 'hoping against hope,' I feel impelled to implore before leaving you, that, in the event of a favorable change of sentiment or purpose toward me, you will not hesitate to give me leave to return. Stella, will you promise me so much as that?"

"Noblest friend that I have in the world! how gladly would I promise, but I must not, Montressor. Were I to do so, you would feel bound to wait the changes of my mood, and so, for a most undeserving love, might miss, in some nobler woman's affections, the happiness in store for you!"

"Stella, will you raise your sweet, mournful eyes to mine, one moment, that you may read my soul while I speak?"

Estelle lifted her dark orbs to meet the clear, pure, blue eyes bent with so much love and candor upon hers, and read the deep, unchanging truth of the constancy of his soul as he said—

"Stella, in the presence of the heart-searching God who sees and hears me, I assure you that I shall never love another woman as I love you, and therefore, of course, can never wed another; so that, whether you give me this slightest of hopes or not, I am equally and forever bound! *Now* will you promise, Stella? Remember, it is only to let me know in case of a change in your sentiments."

For an instant the light of an unutterable love and joy broke on her beautiful, dark face, and her smiling lips parted to speak—when—as if a sudden memory and warning had gripped her very heart—she uttered a low, sharp cry, turned paler than before, and then said—

"No! no! my Lord! Stella can not even give you that! She is poorer than the poorest, in gifts to you! She can only pray that you may forget her and be happy."

He looked profoundly disappointed and troubled. But soon mastering his despondency, he said hopefully—

"Well, dearest Stella, although you reject me without apparent reason, and refuse to give me the slightest promise or the most distant hope, yet *I repeat*—should you in the long future, change your purpose, and write to me one word—'Come,' I will hasten to lay at your feet an unchanged heart! Good-bye! God be with you!" and raising her hand, he bowed over it, pressed it to his lips, turned, and left the room.

Some moments after, Lady Morelle, who came to seek and congratulate her daughter upon what she imagined to be the only possible result of the interview—found Estelle lying in a swoon upon the floor! It was followed by a long and terrible illness, terminating in a tediously-protracted convalescence. The town season was at hand before Estelle was able to re-enter society.

They went up to London, and once more the "star of beauty" arose upon its world. And though the cloud upon her life settled darker and heavier, day by day, she was more followed, flattered, and courted than before.

Thus three years had passed away, when one morning, while the family, then occupying their town house in Berkely Square, were seated at a late breakfast, and Sir Parke was engaged in *reading aloud from the London Times an account of the saving of the French ship—Le Duc D'Anjou—wrecked off the coast of Algiers—Estelle uttered a low cry, and sank fainting from her seat.*

This attack was not, as the other had been, followed by illness; on the contrary, from that day, the cloud seemed lifted from her head, and even those who had most admired her face in its shadow, were enchanted to see how brilliant was her beauty in its sunshine! Her health and spirits daily improved, yet, in the midst of all this flowing tide of new life, Estelle astonished her friends by suddenly, in the height of the London season, retiring to her father's country seat, where she remained in strict seclusion from the world for eighteen months.

At the end of this period Lord Montressor, who had never left England, or lost trace of his beloved Stella, and who was now staying at his castle in Dorsetshire, was one day seated at breakfast when the morning mail was brought him. Among a score of letters the first that attracted his attention was a dainty white envelope superscribed in a delicate handwriting. He took that up first and opened it—it contained but one word—"Come."

The light of an ineffable joy broke over his face! Oh! he had waited patiently, hopefully, years, for that word, and at last he received it! Thanks to Heaven in the first instance! and then, pushing all the other letters unopened aside, he sprang up, rang for his valet, and ordered his valise packed, and horses put to the carriage.

In twenty more minutes he had reached the railway station just as the cars were about to start, and in three hours he was at Hyde Hall, and standing in the presence of Estelle!—she looking so beautiful and happy!

With the old chivalric enthusiasm of devotion, he dropped, at once, upon his knee, and raised her hand to his, saying—

"For four years I have hoped and waited for one word from you, and at last, beloved, you have written—'Come,' and I am at your feet, as I said, with an unchanged heart!"

"But I," she said, deeply blushing, while she held both hands to raise him, "I, my Lord, have not an unchanged heart! for longer than four years I have loved you more than woman's tongue may tell—and never more than at the hour in which we bade farewell, as I thought forever!"

"I know it, beloved! knew it *then!* knew it *always!* I never doubted it! Could I be deceived in the dear heart of the woman I loved! No! and that was the secret of my patience!" he replied, taking his seat on the sofa by her side.

"And yet you never inquired and do not even now inquire, why, without explanation and without hope, I sent you from my presence, and why now, without apparent reason, I summon you back!" she said, as a shade of the old sadness fell upon her beautiful face.

"Your motives, dearest, were and are your own. Not until your spirit moves you to do so, shall you give them to me! I have full confidence in you, beautiful Stella!"

"*Confidence! oh my God!*" she exclaimed, in a low, deep, thrilling voice.

"Why, what is the matter, dearest?"

She looked up suddenly, a smile of worshiping love, breaking like sunlight over her dark face, and said—

"Nothing, nothing, my Lord! but that all your thoughts and feelings are so elevated beyond your poor Estelle's! And yet she would almost choose it so! for could she be an angel, she would wish you to be something far higher—a god!"

"Sweet enthusiast! moderate your aspirations, or the world and its people will disappoint you! Be not an idolator; worship only God, my Stella."

Such was their meeting!

Yet, occasionally, throughout the interview, a sudden shadow, like the recurrence of a painful thought, would fall upon her bright face, and then pass as it came.

They were engaged, and within a few days the marriage was announced to take place on the first of May.

But it was observed by the nearest friends of the bride, that from the day of her betrothal her spirits had been marked by the strangest fluctuations. Sometimes with her beautiful dark face illumined with a deep, still, almost religious joy, she moved about, as it were, on "winged feet," or sat brooding in a happy trance. At other times she fell into deep gloom and anxiety, as inexplicable as it was alarming to her friends, who greatly feared her relapse into the deep melancholy that had so long overshadowed her, and that they had grown to dread as a serious constitutional malady. But they hoped every thing from her approaching marriage with the man she loved. Lord Montressor observed with the deepest interest the uncertain moods of his betrothed; but with the high-toned sentiments that distinguished him, refrained from inquiring, and awaited her voluntary revelations.

At last the first of May, the marriage day, upon which I have presented the parties to the reader, arrived, and all the *haut ton*, as I said, were gathered at the Hall or at the Church to do honor to the solemnities.

And the expectant bride, in her bridal robe and veil, waited within her boudoir the arrival of the bridegroom, whom she had summoned to a private interview before they should proceed to the church. She had not long to wait. He who quickly responded to her slightest inclination immediately obeyed her call.

Yet when she heard his firm, elastic step approaching, "Now God have mercy on me!" she prayed, and covered her face with her hands.

He entered, unannounced, and saying,

"My beautiful Stella! I am here, you perceive, by your commands!"

She dropped her hands, and, revealing a face pale with misery, spoke in a thrilling, deep, impassioned tone—

"You are here by my *supplication*, my Lord! I have no right to command."

"We will waive that! What is your will, my dearest Stella?"

"My *prayer*, my Lord—is first, for your forgiveness."

"*Forgiveness?*—my Stella!"

"Ay! my dear Lord! you see before you a penitent and a supplicant, who may soon be something far more wretched!"

"My Stella! what mean you?"

"Come to the window, Lord Montressor!" she said, rising and preceding him. "Look out," she continued, putting aside the rose-colored hangings, and revealing a view of the park below, alive with its restless multitude. "What are all these people waiting for, my Lord?"

"What are they waiting for, my Stella?—for that for which I also wait, with how much more impatience!" he answered, while a deep flush of love and joy, for an instant, supplanted the anxiety on his face.

"They wait to see a bride pass, where a bride may never go!" she said, in a solemn voice.

"Stella! great Heaven! what say you!" he exclaimed, gazing on her with profound astonishment.

"That the bride they expect is unworthy to stand before God's holy altar beside Lord Montressor!"

"Unworthy, Stella! You!"

"*Most unworthy*, my Lord!" she said, dropping her arms, and dropping her head in an attitude of the deepest misery. "I should have made this confession long ago, Lord Montressor; but I have deceived you—I have deceived you!"

"In what respect, Stella? My God! It can not be! No, it can not be! that while betrothed to me, you do not love me!"

"*Not love you! Oh! my dear lord!*" she murmured, in a voice of thrilling tenderness, that carried conviction of her truth to his deepest heart.

"What mean you then, dearest one? if, indeed, you return my deep love."

"Oh! I do, I do, Montressor; whatever happens, wherever you go, take that assurance with you! I love you, my Lord! shall ever love you, even though after what I shall have told you you repulse and hate me, and go to our friends and say—'That woman whom I was about to wed is but a whited sepulchre, whom I have proved, and whom I now reject'—and so leave me to the scorn of men, still I say—ever shall say—I love you, Lord Montressor! I love you, and the consciousness of being unworthy of your love is the bitterest element in my punishment," she said, in a voice of such profound misery that Lord Montressor could scarcely continue to believe her agitation unfounded or exaggerated.

He dropped upon a seat, and sitting still, and white as a carved image of stone, gazed upon her, waiting her further communications.

The above is all of this beautiful and highly interesting story that will be published in our columns. We give this as a sample. The continuation of it can be found only in the New York Ledger, the great family weekly paper, for which the most popular writers in the country contribute, and which can be found at all the stores throughout the city and country where papers are sold. Remember to ask for the New York Ledger of May 30, and in it you will get the continuation of the story from where it leaves off here. If you can not get a copy at any news office, the publisher of the Ledger will mail you a copy on receipt of five cents. Fanny Fern writes only for the New York Ledger; Sylvanus Cobb, Jr., writes only for it; Emerson Bennet writes only for it; and nearly all the eminent writers in the country, such as Mrs. Sigourney, Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth and Alice Carey, contribute regularly to its columns. Mrs. Southworth will write for no other paper hereafter. Geo. D. Prentice, Esq., of the Louisville Journal, prepares the Wit and Humor Department in the Ledger. It is mailed to subscribers at $2 00 a year, or two copies for $3 00. Address Robert Bonner, publisher, 44 Ann Street, New York. It is the handsomest and best family paper in the country, elegantly illustrated, and characterized by a high moral tone.

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[*Written for the Alpine Hair Balm.*]

AH, who can tell how painful 'tis
Upon the brow of youth the first gray hair,
Oft bringing with it much distress of mind,
Drear thoughts of age, of sorrow and of care;
But Mason's skill has now defied the power,
And banished from us every trace of sorrow;
What, though thy hair is gray—a little flower
He plucked on Alpine Hills one happy hour,
Will make it teem with youth again to-morrow.
D. P. Ives & Co., 83 Milk Street, Boston,
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"COSTAR'S" Bed bug EXTERMINATOR,
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The *London Quarterly Review* contains near a column, and the *New York Daily State Register* of May the 1st says: "No judicious housekeeper should defer purchasing a supply of these invaluable remedies for clearing their houses of all sorts of vermin. With all confidence we can recommend them as indispensable articles for every family."

The *New York Journal* for April has the following: "'Costar's' Remedies for all domestic pests, such as Rats, Cock Roaches, Bed Bugs, Ants, Fleas, &c., are said to be invaluable; indeed, we can speak from actual knowledge of their rare merits. The name of 'Costar' is a 'household word' to New Yorkers, and his Depot, No. 388 Broadway, New York, is thronged by thousands daily. As the summer approaches, we advise every one who would be rid of the above-named pests to send and procure a timely supply of the Exterminator. Druggists and Dealers also should send their orders early, if they would secure a trade in articles for which there is a *constant demand*, and on which a fair profit may be realized."

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References.
Richard Jones, American Exchange Bank, New York; H. T. Moore, Bedford Avenue, Brooklyn; John Price, 74 Grand Street, Williamsburgh; and upward of 50 more City References will be given if called for.